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"HE WOULD A WOOING GO."

"Father, where is our Jamie to-night,
Jamie, so bold and so gay?
The twilight shadows are falling now,
Why does he stay away?
Jamie is handsome and manly, too,
And he will be good and great;
But father, why is our darling boy
A staying away so late?"

"Our noble boy is a child no more,
He has grown to man's estate;
He has gone a courting Minnie Gray,
The reason he stays so late;
For her golden hair and eyes of blue
Have stolen his heart away;
And he goes in the holy twilight hour
A wooing sweet Minnie Gray."

"Why does the maiden lure him away
Now we are growing so old?
And we have shielded him all his life,
Our love has never grown cold.
The maiden can never love as we
Have loved him all his years,
Who have led him along the path of life
Sharing his smiles and tears."

"But Millie, remember long years ago,
When I was handsome and gay,
And you a maiden so fair and sweet,
That you stole my heart away.
I had a father old and gray,
And a mother kind and true,
Who loved me fondly all my life—
But my heart went out with you."

A blush crept over the withered cheek,
Her eyes shone clear and mild,
No longer she chided the loving maid
For winning away her child;
She thought of the long ago, when she
Stood close to her lover's side
In the little church, and the man of God
Made her a happy bride.

THE WHITE HAND;

OR,

THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE FIRST.

THE POST-MORTEM MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER III.

THE GIRL-CAPTAIN.

"And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still;
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best works, forms but a softer man."

On any cold, bleak, bitter night the year through, when we are snug and comfortable in soft warm beds, there are some hundreds of poor ragged wretches in the city of London who have no roof to shelter them.

Under the dry arches of a bridge, in the cellars of an unfinished building, or on the bare ground among the bushes in the parks, or even out in the open air upon the park seats, screwed up in doorways, crouching in any kind of out-of-the-way hole and corner, where the lynx-eye of the law is not likely to ferret them out—these poor waifs and strays are to be found, when the winter's blast shakes the fastenings of our windows, and the heavy drenching rain beats down upon the housetop, and we pull the clothes up higher about our ears and doze off again.

That band of very small desperadoes, who dubbed Clam their captain, were many nights of the year among those whom no roof covered; and on that particular evening when my story opens, after Clam had said good-bye to them, it happened that almost all of them were compelled to make their bed under the dry arch of the bridge by the foot of which Ralph Strangeways had spoken to them.

It was a singularly organized society, this of these ragged urchins. Several of them had parents and homes, but their homes were bad ones, as in the case of Clam and his sister; and it often enough happened that when their day's earnings had been small, the door was slammed in their faces at night.

Very often when they were afraid of going home owing to the lowness of funds, they would instead spend the odd penny or two they possessed in some cheap lodging house, where they were allowed to lie about on the ground round a large fire, at which also they had the privilege of cooking their supper—when they had any supper to cook. It very rarely happened, however, that any one sacrificed supper for the sake of a roof to cover him; and, therefore, it was the general rule of those who were very hard up to club together, and have supper under the dry arch already mentioned.

They were not thieves, as the policemen had unjustly called them. Poor little miserable ones! it was a really hard battle they fought for their daily bread; and if they now and then pilfered a trifle, the trifle was very small indeed. Heaven help those who so young feel the pangs of cold and hunger gnawing at their hearts! We must not judge of them too harshly.

"I've had horrid luck to day," one little ragged, red-haired rascal complained. "I'm that hoarse I can barely speak, a-bawling fusees all day long, and yet they won't go off nohow."

"They never don't, don't fusees, Red Rough. I've been a-holding 'orses, all day I have. Leastways, I should have been, only nobody wanted none held. How's crossings, Peter?"

"Crossings is dreadful bad," said Peter. "It's sich beastly weather; there ain't no mud."

"I vote we have supper, anyhow," said Red Rough. "I wish Clam was with us, that's all."

"Supper's not half the fun without Clam," observed the boy who had been called Peter, as he began to divide into portions the food which had been purchased, and a general murmur of assent endorsed the sentiment.

It was of the coarsest, this supper, and there was rather scanty allowance, so that there was some little grumbling and misunderstanding during its distribution. But when at last the lots were apportioned, all ate eagerly.

Suddenly, however, a step was heard close at hand. The boys had ears as sharp as a hare, and every jaw next moment was motionless.

Was it a policeman? No, the footfall was not heavy enough. There were two persons coming. Two of the band, perhaps.

A long, long whistle. In the name of all that was surprising, the captain come back again!

"What, Clam! what, captain!"

The girl thus addressed stood upon the steps at some ten yards' distance. The moonlight fell full upon her young and graceful figure, to which her ragged clothes lent a strange picturesque wildness. She had her cap in her hand, and her light curls fluttered in the breeze. She was, perhaps, twelve years old; her sister, the brown eyed little girl who stood by her side, was about a year younger; and there was a strong likeness between them—except that Nelly was dark, and she whom the boys called Clam fair.

At sight of the sisters, the band rushed forward, and, surrounding them, brought them back in triumph to the arch, where straish way a re-division of the supper was proposed, every member of the company eagerly sobbing forth his share of the food, and insisting on a portion being taken.

It would have seemed that these outlaws were ready to serve their chosen leader with all that fond devotion with which many other lawless bands have served their chiefs; and ere they resumed their places, Clam was unanimously voted into the seat of honor and saluted with a cheer.

"And all I've got to say," said Peter, "is that our captain's a jolly good fellow; and I'm only sorry that she's only a gal instead of a regular fellow; but, anyhow, she's a first-rater, and much better than any fellow could be."

But at this remark, which was evidently meant to be highly flattering, Clam sprang up in a rage.

"Stop that, Peter," she cried; "you know that's against the rules. Is it fair, all of you, that he should speak of me as a girl."

"No, no," they all echoed indignantly. "Hold your tongue, Peter; you know it's against the rules."

"Well, don't all on you set on me that way," whined Peter in reply. "I don't know your rules, do I? I haven't only just joined, have I? You told me the captain was a girl; and I thought it queer she should be dressed up like a fellow, that's all."

"Look here, now, Peter, replied Clam, "any one here can tell you why I'm dressed so; but for once, I don't mind spinning you a yarn to show you why I took to these clothes. Shall I?"

A chorus of young voices eagerly demanded the tale.

"The reason I first took to wearing a boy's dress was because I was made to do it by the people that brought me up—Mr. Graveling, that you know and his wife, that's dead. They was show people, and travelled round the country with a circus; so they learnt me to ride in the ring, and dance on a tight rope. I could do it pretty well then, and haven't quite forgot it yet."

An exclamation here broke in with, "No, no, that you haven't."

"My father learnt me these things without much coaxing, and I'll tell you how fast was—he beat me with a rope's end when I tumbled. He used to beat my sister, too, and he was very hard on both on us. Last of all, when Mrs. Graveling died he got to be so very hard we couldn't bear it no longer, so one night, Nelly here and me, we thought we'd run away."

A murmur of sympathy, and a closer gathering round of the attentive listeners.

"Quite right on you, too," said Peter; "I wonder you didn't run away the first time he beat you I should."

"Ah, that's because you're a regular fellow," replied Clam: "but women and girls are otherways. Love in a girl's like oil on a carpet. You may beat 'em both a long while 'fore you beat it quite out on 'em. So I somehow loved Mr. Graveling, who brought us up, in spite of the hard way he used us. But, as I was saying, we ran away, and wandered about the country for days and days, trying to get some work to do; sleeping at night under hedges, and in barns and outhouses; but day and night always the same one way—starving to death with cold and hunger."

Again a low murmur from the listeners.

"You know, all of you, how cruel hard it is to wander about with your heart a'most dead, watching the freshest glimmer through the rich folks' windows, and listening to them laugoing and joking, like as though it was done to mock you, till you seem to hear a horrid something whispering in your ear, 'They're warm enough in there, though you're so cold out here; they've more than they can eat, though you are starving. Don't you hate them? Wouldn't you like to stop their fun? See, see—there's half a brick there, lying at your feet. Why don't you heave it among 'em—so?'"

"That's it; that's true, that's true!" the eager chorus echoed.

"Only you don't heave it," continued Clam, "because there's such a thing as jail for them as breaks other people's windows; because you happen only to live yourself in a house without walls, and a big blue roof with holes in it, where the great light beyond has broke through in round specks like, that's called stars. And you don't heave it because, when you come to think it over quiet, perhaps it ain't so much the rich people's fault that they're rich; and it's a complaint some are born with, and the longer they lives the worse they gets."

"That's right enough; that's true, that is," the boys chorussed.

"Well, as I was a-telling you," Clam continued, "Nelly here and me, we wandered about day after day, and at last we came to be so that we couldn't go on no further, and we sat down by the roadside, and she says to me,

"'My head is so heavy,' she says; 'I can't hardly carry it.'

"Then I says,

"'Lean on me,' I says; 'it's not a bit of weight to me,' I says, 'and I'm as strong as a horse,' I says; making out, you know, as I was all right, but I was werry queer, I can tell you."

"You are a brave-hearted captain, that's what you are!" cried the chorus.

"Not so much of that," the girl answered, with a shy laugh. "I felt rather queer, as I said; but, you see, I loved my Nelly very dearly, and I'd have sat there till I dropped if it rested her, poor thing! But bother this," the girl continued, passing her hand across her eyes with an impatient gesture, "you fellows are laughing, I can see. That comes of my being only a girl."

"No, no," they cried; "go on."

"I thought I saw death written in my darling's face," the captain continued, "when up came riding a country gentleman a top of a great horse, and, seeing us, he stops and says,

"'What's amiss, boy?' he says.

"So I up and tells him—crying, girl-like, you may be sure.

"'O, sir,' I says, 'she's dying,' I says; 'my sister's dying.'

"'We mustn't let her do that,' he says; 'what ails her?'

"'Oh, don't let her die, sir.'

"Then I told him."

"'She looks half-clammed to death,' he says.

"He was Yorkshire, you know; and "clammed" is Yorkshire for starved.

"'I'll take her in front of me to my farm,' he says, 'and see she's cared for; but what'll come to you?'

"'God bless you, sir,' says I, 'don't take no heed of me. You look to poor Nelly now, sir, and I can clam a bit longer.'

"Well, the farmer told his friends what I had said; that's how I got the name of Clam; and it has stuck to me ever since."

While the boys were loudly discussing the various points of this little narrative, and loudly lauding their girl-captain's gallant conduct, Nelly had nestled closer to her sister and whispered softly.

"Bless your kind heart, dear! I hardly know though that it were not have been better if we had both died then instead of coming back to our hard home."

"Don't talk like that Nelly, and don't cry; I can't bear to see you cry. I'm always brave then."

"You are always brave, but I'm such a foolish thing. Ah, you don't know what I have suffered to-day. I felt so ill, and my voice was so weak; when I tried to sing I could not make myself heard, and the boys in the streets laughed at me and called after me. Do you know, when I sate it up at last and was waiting for you down here by the river side, the water looked so quiet and—"

"No, Nelly. What are you saying? You must not talk like that."

"But what are we to do? I can't bear to think of going home and being beaten, and then driven out next day; and then going home to be beaten again, and to go on like that for ever."

"It shall not go on so for ever. He shan't beat you at all. No; he shall kill me first."

"But I'm afraid he would kill you, dear," said Nelly, "and then beat me afterwards."

"I don't care half as much for a beating myself," said Clam with a laugh, "only when I'm very hungry. I don't so much mind when I'm cold, because it warms you; but I'd rather be beaten after supper, than it's not so bad. But don't cry, Nelly; if you screw we'll never go back at all. Let's run away again, as we did before, and try and get a living. I am sure we shall be able to do so if we try hard enough."

"O I should like that above everything! But we must not stop with these boys, or about the streets in this part. Let us go right away—right to the other end of London—and try there."

"What, and leave the band?"

"Yes; it will be better so, or we are sure to be seen, and brought back and beaten."

"Let us wait, then, till they are asleep, and run away very quietly."

Thus these two poor children formed their plans for the future, and unthinkingly came to a determination which was to thwart Ralph Strangeways' good intentions on their behalf.

An hour afterwards the other members of the band lay cuddled up in the warmest corners to be found among the stacks of wood piled up beneath the arch. They were soon all fast asleep except the two sisters, who lay waiting anxiously for the moment of action to arrive.

They were agreed that it would be best not to wait until the morning, as then it would be rather difficult to separate themselves from their companions. If they stole away while the boys slept, there would be no questions asked; and it would be easy enough, it seemed to them, to wear away the few hours before daylight in some place of shelter to be found down by the water side at some distance from the spot where they now were.

To reach a place which they had fixed upon in their minds it was necessary to pass by the beer shop where Graveling lived. It was now half an hour after midnight, and by this time the house was in all probability closed; but the habits of its proprietor were so irregular it was not safe to venture too near, lest he might be lounging, as was sometimes his custom, at the open door, in which case he would be pretty certain to catch sight of them.

It was necessary, then, to keep close to the river side, and scramble along some slippery woodwork underneath the house side, and thus pass by at the back. The moon every now and then was obscured by the fast-floating clouds, but at intervals when it broke forth from these, it shone so brightly that there would be no difficulty in seeing their way.

If, then, they had only the luck of two minutes' moonlight, they could manage easily enough.

They stole cautiously down the steps to the water, and, treading gently while yet within earshot of their sleepy companions, crept away. In three minutes' time they had reached the woodwork; but at that moment, as though it had only been awaiting their advent, the moon suddenly disappeared, and they were left in complete darkness.

They had, however, scarcely stood an instant, close to the house-side, and were consulting together as to the practicability of making the experiment in the dark, when a window opened overhead, a sound of a scuffle was heard, and of a man panting for breath, then a smothered cry, and a splash in the water below.

The two young girls, clinging to each other in silent terror, listened with bated breath, whilst their eyes peered eagerly into the pitch darkness.

In a moment the faint cry was repeated close to their feet, and then a dreadful sound was heard, which long after haunted their dreams—a sound as of some poor drowning wretch madly clawing and clutching at the slippery woodwork.

Then the moon broke forth again and fell full upon a white, terror-stricken face looking up at them from the water.

Looking up but for a moment with a wild, appealing look of frenzied agony, which the next instant the dark waters hid from the spectators' eyes.

Almost simultaneously the window above was closed, and all was again as silent as before. No living soul seemingly had heard the cry save the two trembling children on the river's bank.

The dark buildings on the opposite side of the water were unrelieved by a speck of light. The bridge at some three hundred yards' distance stood out a black mass against the deep blue sky, silent and deserted.

Had a crime been thus committed, unseen and unheard save by these two harmless wanderers?

As the moon again sank behind the clouds, Nelly, clutching more tight her sister's arm, asked in a breathless whisper:—

"Did you see?"

"Yes; they have thrown some one into the river."

"He is dead!"

"Yes, yes—"

"But did you see the face? Did you know who it was?"

M'LLE AZELLA. FEMALE GYMNAST. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

CHAPTER IV.

AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

"And wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost."

Whilst Ralph Strangeways, fretting at the long delay in the children's return home was wearing away the tedious hours in the taproom, the three ruffians sat over their pipes and grog in the little room behind the bar.

There had been some attempt to while away the time by playing a game at cards, but the rubber had been brought to an untimely end before the play had lasted an hour by a quarrel between Doubledick and the man called Ike.

Then Graveling had proposed that they should put the cards away, and go on with their pipes, a suggestion which was accordingly adopted.

From time to time the landlord left his two associates and paid a visit to his customer, whom he always found seated by the fireside in a thoughtful attitude, smoking a seemingly inexhaustible cigar, and, after a brief conversation with him, returned again to his companions, who anxiously demanded what was the news.

At last he came back after a rather longer absence than usual, to say that the stranger was going to sleep in the house all night, and that he had just said that he was half dead with fatigue, and wished to go to bed as soon as possible.

"It's near on twelve now," said Ike "the time you close: get him up stairs as soon as you can. There's no fastening to the door, is there?"

"That's all right."

"Let us keep out of sight, then, Doubledick; somewhere where we can get a peep at him as he passes."

"You can go to that well enough here, behind the bar, through this little window."

"Very well. Bring him out now."

The two men, from this place of observation, watched Ralph Strangeways with an anxious scrutiny, as he swaggered past, on his way to the staircase.

"He'd be a tough customer that, if it come to a tussle," thought Ike to himself; "but there's no fear of that when the drug's done its work."

They took their seats again by the fireside, and Ike waited with what patience he could muster for Graveling's return. He came down to them in about a quarter of an hour.

"Does he seem sleepy?" asked Ike.

"Not very, somehow. He wants another glass of grog, too, as a night-cap—I never saw such a fellow to drink. But I'll make this a stiff one."

"Don't give it to him too strong, that's all."

"Why so? what matter? When he's at the bottom of the water it won't much matter what he's taken first."

During this talk Doubledick sat apart, a lent and moody.

"What do you think, Dick?" he asked.

"About what?" asked the other, looking up with a start.

"About what?—don't you hear what we're talking of?"

Dick was silent for a moment, then rose to his feet.

"I don't care for the business at all, if you ask me," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"I only mean that I would rather be out of it, if it's all the same to you"

"Same to us, you fool!" cried Ike, savagely; "what made you join in so eagerly at first if you were going to shirk out when the danger came?"

"I'm no more afraid of danger than the rest of you," replied Doubledick, buttoning up his coat as he spoke; "I don't care about the job, that's all. I won't say I'm not a scoundrel, you understand. I'm an awful scoundrel, if you like; but the awfullest scoundrels have their little prejudices. It's rayther too much of a good thing, it seems to me, to rob those two poor side any more than they have been, when perhaps the money the gent's brought might be the saving of them. The food and drink I bought at his cost would choke me; and as far as I'm concerned I won't lend a hand, or if I do may Heaven never stretch out a hand to me if, when I'm sinking, I cry for help!"

"That's enough of his sentiments," responded Graveling, with a savage curse; "you're known as one of our school, my fine fellow, and you've been even hanging about here half the night, whether you help or not, you'll be suspected if any trouble comes of the business."

"I must run that risk, I suppose," said Doubledick, moving towards the door; "You can have the money if you like, and my share as well; at any rate, you need not be afraid that I shall peach on you."

He turned himself between him and the door.

"I'm not too certain of that. Look here, Doubledick; whether you join in or not you shan't leave the house until the job is over."

But here Graveling interposed

"Let him go, Ike; I'm not afraid of Dick. He's a true man, every inch of him;" and Dick was allowed to pass out into the street. Then, having watched his retreating figure until the darkness swallowed it up, Graveling closed the door and bolted it

"After all," said Ike, "two's enough to do the work and enough to share the money; when will it be time to begin?"

"Not yet awhile. There's no hurry; I'm going to take the drink upstairs now."

He was away for a longer time than Ike had expected, and, waiting alone in the dimly-lighted room, the Jew began to find the time hang heavily on his hands, and at some slight sound behind him, turned hastily with a start. From time to time the sound of footsteps in the street without were very distinctly audible.

"They can hear anything that is passing inside if they like to listen. We oughtn't to begin for a good hour or so, for fear the drink has not acted. I don't half like the notion of Doubledick's backing out."

At this moment there was a creaking on the stairs, and Graveling returned.

"Well?" said the other.

But his companion seated himself silently by the fireside, and lit his pipe without answering.

"What's the matter?"

"After all, Ike," he said, "there was some truth in what Dick said."

"How so?"

"In what he said I mean, about the children. It would be a black job to rob them of this money. I've done them harm enough as it is"

"Why, what woman's talk that is!" cried Ike indignantly; "you'd never let all that money slip through your fingers, would you?"

"I don't say I shall, all of it; but there's other ways of managing matters but cutting the poor fellow's throat. What harm has he done me that I should do so?"

"And you don't mean to take the money then?"

"No."

"Between the both of you," cried Ike, rising in a great rage, "you've made a pretty fool of me, I don't think; you surely can't be such an idiot as to let the chance slip, Graveling?" *I'll never believe it of you.*"

"Believe it or not, I won't let the thing be done while he's under my roof; so we'll shake hands and say good night when you're ready."

"I'm ready now, but I want no hand shaking," and the robber moved towards the door.

The bolts, withdrawn to allow him to pass, were shot into the sockets when the door was closed behind him, and at the same moment a sardonic grin lighted up Graveling's ill-looking face.

"So much for him," he muttered, as he retraced his steps to the parlor; "it was much easier than I thought for."

He fetched himself some spirits from his private store and mixed a good stiff tumbler of grog.

"I've not managed that so very badly, either," he thought to himself with a chuckle; "two's enough for the job, Ike says, but I'm not quite certain that one won't be able to manage it; at any rate, one will try. Two's more than enough to share the money; there can't be two opinions about that."

He sat for some time silently by the fireside, as though he were waiting for the time to pass, and presently went to peep at a clock hanging in the bar.

While there he paused and listened attentively, then stole on tiptoe to the bottom of the stairs and listened again.

"I hear nothing," he muttered beneath his breath; "it's all right."

He came back to the room and took off his boots; then sat listening again. Presently he took from his pocket a murderous looking clasp knife, and, opening it, examined the blade by the light of the candle, which threw a sickly yellow light upon the cold steel, and the sallow face and grizzly beard of the thief.

The sounds in the street without seemed hushed by this time. No noise was to be heard in the room above—no noise in the house save the faint rustle of the falling ashes in the grate.

"I'll try now," he said in a whisper, as he rose to his feet, and with a stealthy, cat like tread approached the stairs.

But when his foot was upon the first step he was suddenly arrested by a low tap at the street door.

With a savage scowl he paused. Should he take any notice? he asked himself; and while he hesitated the tap was repeated.

Who was it? It was not very likely to be the two girls, for they knew that a beating was in store for them when they returned if they returned empty-handed; and they had often enough before this passed the night in the streets.

No, it must be either Ike or Doubledick. Should he open the door?

The knocking grew louder.

What did they want? It would be best not to open the door, and yet if he did not do so the person outside would probably remain there a long while; and until they were gone he dare not venture to go on with the work.

But the knocking still continued and increased in loudness.

"They'll spoil all, curse them!" muttered Graveling, and, approaching the door, he whispered at the keyhole,

"Who's there? What do you want?"

"Open at once," said a woman's voice, "Open at once; it is only I."

"Esther?"

"Yes; let me in."

"It's so late. I'm shutting up for the night."

"What does that matter?" replied the voice impatiently. "Open, I say! I must come in."

"If it's only for a minute," replied the other with reluctance, as he drew back the bolts; "if it's not for longer."

A woman, wearing a long black cloak wrapped closely round her, stepped across the threshold as soon as the door was opened, and passed rapidly by him towards the bar.

"Come, I say," he cried, catching at her dress; "you can't come in. I said you couldn't."

"I can't speak in the street. Close the door."

He hesitated a moment, and scowled at her from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"Look here! I can't give you more than a minute. I'm going to bed."

"Bolt the door."

"Why?"

"You can guess why. I expect he may follow me. You wouldn't have me murdered here, I suppose?"

"That's like my luck, that is," grumbled Graveling. "There's going to be a row round the house, and that ruffian of a husband of yours vowing vengeance on the doorstep, and punching in the panels; and, for what I know, a stand-up fight here in my parlor. Look here, now, I tell you what it is, Mrs. Hudson, you go out of this Do you hear?"

The woman might have heard, but gave but little heed to his words.

She stood before the dying fire, with her foot upon the fender and her head resting on her hand, supported by the mantelpiece.

"Do you hear?" repeated Graveling, with growing impatience.

She turned her face towards him, and raised her veil. It was a remarkable face. Strangely beautiful in the classic moulding of its features, but with a restless wildness about the eyes, and a certain hardness of the thin lips, which was rather repellant at first sight.

The clothes she wore were poor and threadbare, but she wore them with a kind of natural dignity and grace which the close observer may notice in the bearing of some among all classes of women—even the ragged beggars in the street—and the old black stuff dress, falling in lank, heavy folds about her lithe form, suited her better than the richest and most costly velvet would have suited some others.

For some unknown reason this woman seemed to possess an attractive power which softened or frightened the ruffian with whom she had to deal, for presently, having received no answer to his repeated question, he changed it to another, uttered in a whining tone.

"It's not fair of you, Esther, is it, now?" he asked. "Why should you bring that bully down upon me? I'm not in cue for the Savage to-night. Besides, I want to shut up the house and be quiet. I'm very ill, and want to get to bed."

"You shall go directly," she replied. "I have not come to stop long. He swore to have my life; and I ran away, and came straight here to seek shelter. I knew you were my friend."

"Yes—yes, of course. But he's such a ferocious miscreant. He'd think nothing of strangling me in my own neckerchief, or dashing out my brains with one of my own pewter pots. O, I know him!"

"Most people know him—I best of all."

"And that's what puzzles me," said Graveling; "why do you—a woman of spirit like you—a woman capable of so much greater things—why do you let yourself be bullied in that way?"

He hesitated.

"Why not free yourself of him, Esther? That's what I want to know"

"How?"

"I need not point the way out to you. You know the trade as well as I do. They've been gaining for him long enough down there in Bow street, and can't think why they can't bring it home to him. Only the other day, when Hawkshaw from Scotland yard was here, he says, 'We'll never get the Savage till such time as the woman turns on him; but she'll do that sooner or later, and we'll wait.'"

"He said that, did he? I wonder whether it will ever come true!"

"You know best. It would be mighty soon, if I were in your place. But I say, you can't stop here any longer. What is it you had to tell me?"

"I won't wish to stop here to get you into trouble. I had no intention of so doing. I can pass the night easily enough without the fire. It was now only two or three hours of daylight. But I have something more I want to leave in a place of safety."

The ruffian, with a new sort of curiosity, looked up at her.

She held towards him a pocket-book of ruddy brown leather, round which was a piece of tape tied crosswise and fastened with a seal.

"Take care of this for me till to-morrow," she said.

"Till to-morrow?" He was thoughtful for a moment. "Well—yes. What does it contain?"

"Nothing worth stealing. Only some papers, newspaper scraps, old entries and that sort of thing, of no value to any one

but myself. But I would not lose them. Can you put the book away for me in some place of safety till I call for it?"

"Of course I can. I'll take it up stairs directly."

And as he spoke he laid it on the table.

"Are you going to leave it there?"

"Only a moment. It will be quite safe; and now good night."

She moved towards the door without making any further remark, and he stooped to draw the bolts. But while in this position she laid her hand upon his wrist to stop him.

"Good God!"

He started upright, and shuddered violently.

"What's the matter?" she asked, in apparent astonishment.

"Your hand! Good heavens, how cold it is! What a fool I am," he added, with an uneasy laugh, and wiping the cold perspiration from his face. "I—I thought a corpse had got hold of me. What's the matter with it?"

Of a sudden he made a snatch, and heedless of her flushed face and flashing eyes, possessed himself of the hand, the touch of which had so alarmed him.

"Let me look," he said, and drew her hand towards the candle.

It was a white hand, prettily shaped—strikingly, ghastly white against the black dress, and as cold and clammy in its touch as though it had been, as Graveling had said, the hand of a corpse.

"I'm cold," she said, angrily; that's all. Leave go"

"You've a mighty fine ring there," he said, still keeping a tight hold of her. "What is it? It's shaped like a snake, and Lord! what bright eyes it has got. They're never diamonds surely!"

"It's not worth much. It was a present; that's the only reason I have for valuing it."

"From the Savage, eh! in one of his tender moments. Well, I'll take care of your pocket-book, never fear. Come in in the morning, and we'll talk things over."

"There's nobody within hearing, is there? You've got no one stopping in the house?"

"No, no! what makes you ask?"

"Nothing. I was thinking of what the policeman said. He thinks I shall sell Joe at last, does he?"

"He does most certainly; but see here, Esther—a word between old friends. I should sell him if I were you, but I would have my price. He's worth it. Besides, there's the risk. If you do sell him and he ever gets free again—eh? Your throat wouldn't be of much value. Good night."

"Good night."

Again the house was silent, as Graveling, having closed the door, stole back to the stairs and listened intently for the sound of the sleeper's breath in the room above.

* * * * * * * * *

The reader ere this has very probably decided that in Ralph Strangeways they had to deal with a reckless fool, or he would never have ventured to pass the night in so very suspicious a neighborhood, and with such unpromising company.

But it must be borne in mind that he had knocked about a good deal and was well used to danger.

He knew too he had a good strong arm of his own, and he did not believe that anything very terrible could happen to him in London, the largest and best protected civilized city in the world.

He also was determined, if possible, to see the two children for whom he had brought back the money, and if he left the spot, he felt certain that Graveling, who from the first moment he had set down as an awful scoundrel, would somehow play him false.

Besides, there was no reason why he should suspect personal violence. Graveling had done all he could at an early part of the evening to induce him to go away, but he had persisted in staying.

There really was no cause for fear, yet somehow when he got upstairs, and the landlord had bidden him goodnight, he began to feel uneasy.

During the evening he had ordered an unusually large number of glasses of hot spirits and water, partly for the purpose of pleasing the landlord, partly as an excuse for waiting so long in the house. But he had not in reality consumed the liquid, and his consumption had not exceeded three glasses at most, the rest having been flung away down a little sink which stood most conveniently hard by for his purpose in a corner of the tap room.

Therefore when he went to bed he was very far from being in the drugged state that Graveling supposed.

He was very sleepy, as he had said, for during the day he had gone through a great deal of fatigue. But although sleepy, when he came to lie down in bed, the unusual stillness of the room, having so long been used to the motion of a ship, prevented him from resting as he had expected to do, and in a few minutes he found himself wide awake.

To pass a long weary night under such circumstances was not a pleasing prospect, and he began to wish himself out in the street again. But yet he thought he would not despair of sleep and resolutely closed his eyes.

From afar off came to him, wafted on the breeze, the faint river noises, and the far-off murmur of the town. The waters washing in upon the woodwork beneath the window put him in mind of the life on ship-board, and as he listened to them, he at length fell into a gentle doze.

Suddenly he was awakened by a creaking on the stairs.

In a moment his eyes were wide open, but he lay perfectly still.

The creaking came nearer and nearer.

It was, he knew, caused by some stealthy foot-fall. By some one creeping thief-like towards him.

Presently he heard the lock of the door turned gently. Then the door was raised up and creaked ominously.

Then all was still as death.

As he lay the moonlight streamed from the window upon the foot of the bed. A dark shadow crossed the light, crouching for a spring.

Next moment he and his assailant were locked in each other's arms, and struggling for dear life. At the very first touch of the robber's hand, Ralph Strangeways had sprung from the bed. His assailant, not expecting such prompt resistance, was wholly taken aback, and with the other's clutch upon his throat, felt nervously for his knife.

But when he stood with this upraised, Ralph, doubling his fist, struck the robber a tremendous blow in the face, and dashed him against the window.

As though it had been paper, the fastening (it was a French window) burst open, and Graveling, with a half uttered cry, fell out, and rolled backwards into the water, clutching at the air as he fell.

Peering eagerly out, Strangeways was unable to recognise the features of the white face revealed to him for one moment in the moonlight.

"He's some scoundrel who deserved it," he said carelessly, as he closed the window. "It's all over with him, though. I wonder where the landlord is."

He opened the door and called loudly, but there was no answer. There was no bell in the room, so presently he dressed and went down stairs.

But the house was empty.

Again and again he shouted out, but no one replied.

"Where are they all, I wonder?" said he; "and what's this?"

It was a pocket book lying on the table. He took it up and turned it over in his hand hesitatingly.

"This may throw some light on the whereabouts of the children," he said; "I will keep it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SNOW SHOE RACING.

Snow shoe racing is a favorite winter sport with our Canadian cousins; the first event of the season in the eastern section of the New Dominion occurred on the 11th inst., on the grounds of the Montreal Cricket Club, on St. Catherine street. The sport began at 3:30. There were two races down on the programme—the hurdle race and half mile. For the hurdle race only Mr. Irwin entered, and although he might have walked over and scored the race, he did not, and the race was accordingly deferred to a future day. For the half mile, W. L. Maltby, E. A. Whitehead, and Irwin entered. Mr. Radiger was ill, and neither Mr. A. Davidson nor Bouthillier cared to face the music. The track is not by any means short, and was in indifferent order, especially on the run in, where it was badly broken up, except in the narrow path. The race was looked upon as a foregone conclusion for Maltby. The start was a poor one, Irwin leading, Whitehead next, Maltby getting away a couple of seconds late. On the way to the first gap, Maltby made a terrible brush, but the snow outside the path was treacherous, and he had to fall back. The pace was hot to the tree, the two in close order. Here Maltby made another brush, and seemed to have it, but fell. Irwin giving way, Whitehead opened a long gap. Maltby made a magnificent brush to close the long lapse of daylight, and was well up when Whitehead entered the winning field. Here Whitehead seemed beaten, but wisely reserving himself, answered Maltby's challenge, and spurting away gamely on the last hundred yards, won a fine race in 3:03¼, Maltby second in 3:07¼. This performance of Mr. Whitehead's is the more noteworthy, as this is only the second time he has been on snowshoes this winter. It is really a pity that so fine and plucky a natural runner does not train. The time was very good, considering the track.

SNOW SHOE RACING is not confined to Canada East, as it appears that both ladies and gentlemen of the western section have caught the fever, and this kind of pedestrianism is there indulged in with enthusiasm. Says a newspaporial penographist of Toronto: "The ladies have become imbued with a taste for this healthy and invigorating recreation, and any out door sport which receives their countenance and support is sure to prove successful and acquire popularity. We have two first class clubs here at present, the Toronto and Crescent, and others being organized.

The Toronto Club embraces some veteran pedestrians who have made fast time, and are not afraid to try their mettle with any the fast Quebecers.

Each club had its semi-weekly tramp of from six to ten miles under efficient leaders, and over a splendid course pronounced much superior in every respect to the one around the mountain in Montreal. The route lies in a northeasterly direction, crossing the romantic hills and valley of the classic Don, and comprises by moonlight some of the most picturesque winter scenery to be found in this section of the country, scenery peculiar only to a Canadian winter.

Each club is in active training for races, which are proposed to be held in a few weeks, and which, as they will be open to the Dominion, it is hoped will be attended by some of the Montreal pedestrians. I see that Kavanagh is matched to run his nine miles in one hour ten minutes. We have an amateur here who is prepared to do it over a similar course in one hour five minutes, and has done it in one hour three minutes.

As to the size and shape of snow shoes, all I can advise is to get the lightest. The standard size is ten inches, and no race should be run on snow shoes of a narrower guage. As to shape, there is little choice. Each man is the best judge in his own case.

WESTONIANISM.—The long-distance pedestrian, E. P. Weston, the hero of the great walk from Portland, Me., to the Garden City, was the attraction at the Forest City Skating Rink, Cleveland, O., on the 15th inst., where he performed the feats of walking one mile in nine minutes, one mile backwards in twenty minutes, and six miles in one hour. He was announced to lecture one evening during the week, at Case Hall, for the benefit of the Industrial School. Subject, as usual, "Athletic Sports."

THE ADSETTS AND WILLIAMS MATCH.—There is now $150 a side down for the match between W. H. Adsetts, of New York, and E. Williams, of Pottsville, Pa. to run 150 yards, Williams receiving three yards start. The remaining $50 a side has to be put up by 12 o'clock on Monday, the 27th Jan., the day of the race. Both men are in active training and a good race is expected.

GAME FOWLS.—All persons interested in this kind of stock are referred to an advertisement of J. McDougall, in another column.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

L. E. O., Kensington.—"At a raffle, when part of the numbers were thrown, forty-three was then high. Bets were then made that forty-three would be beaten. The other numbers were then thrown, and forty-three was tied. The bets were then decided in favor of those who bet that forty-three would *not* be beat. If in throwing off the ties more than forty-three was thrown, should the decision be reversed? 2d. In throwing off the ties, thirty-six was high. What number won the article?"...... Forty-three won the prize, and those who bet that that number would be beaten lose their money. In throwing off the ties should a higher number than forty-three be thrown it would not alter the result of the bets. 2. This is an entirely different affair, and does not affect the bets made on the previous raffle.

J. W., William's Bridge.—"A B C and D sit down to play a game of euchre. A and B partners against C and D. A takes it up and plays it alone. D. goes it alone against him, and euchres A, for which he claims four points. A contends he is entitled to only two points. Which is right?"......A is right—D is only entitled to two points for euchreing his opponent.

G. F., Harrisburg, Pa.—Your measuring line must have been a couple of feet too long, or the distance jumped a trifle short at both ends. If either of the men can cover such a distance as you credit them with doing, standing jump, on the level, he can make a barrel of money if he will come this way. As we discredit the performance, we omit a notice of it.

A MEMBER OF 16 HOSE, Brooklyn, L. I.—1. Jim Dunn was born Oct. 4, 1842, in County Kildare, Ireland. He fought Elliott May 13, 1863. 2. Carncross & Dixey's, in Philadelphia, is the largest established minstrel hall in the States. 3. We have no record of one mile time with single sculls. 4. Jimmy Elliott was born Sept. 12, 1844.

W. S. R., Richmond.—The little boy that was called "Little All Right," and who was the first to perform in this country by that name, was with Maguire and Risley's party, and is with them now in Paris. Marshall and Doyle's party of "Japs," now traveling in the South, have a boy with them called "Little All Right."

SUBSCRIBER, Guelph.—"A, B, C and D are playing a game of euchre. A deals; B, who has first say, passes, and all pass around to A, the dealer, who takes it up. B, who is one of A's opponents, now says he will play it alone. Has he the privilege of doing so, and of counting four if he succeeds?"......No—he would only count two for the euchre, in case he took all the tricks.

M. T. C., Salem, Mass.—1. On June 11, 1865, Jimmy Elliott challenged Jim Dunn for $2,000 a side, or any man in America for $10,000, and left $500 at this office as a forfeit. Coburn was not barred out. 2. He has expressed his willingness to fight Ned O'Baldwin, but his backers don't care about matching him except upon certain conditions, alluded to last week.

CRIBBAGE.—1. Flushes do not count in playing the hands at cribbage, consequently A was only entitled to one for thirty or less; or two for thirty-one, as the case might have been. 2. B was entitled to two for a pair, six for a pair royal, twelve for double pair royal, and one for last card, or twenty-one in all.

J. K. A., Chicago.—H. O. Pardy, the author-actor, was found dead in the streets of Philadelphia, March 3d, 1865. He was the author of a five act comedy called "Nationalities," "Nature's Nobleman," "Canadian Settlers," "The Rights of Age," and others of note.

F. C. D., Auburn.—The old Richmond Theatre was destroyed by fire Thursday, Dec 26, 1811. Sixty-five lives were lost, including the Governor of the State. Of these there were forty-eight ladies, eleven gentlemen and six children.

M. D. B., Washington, D. C.—1. The best standing jump on record is 12 feet 8¼ inches, made by Bob Way. 2. John Howard, the English pedestrian, cleared 29 feet 8 inches in a running jump at Chester Race Course, in 1854.

E. J. M.—The Philadelphia Academy of Music will seat in parquet 498 persons; parquet circle, 542; balcony, 280; balcony boxes, 60; family circle, 414; family circle boxes, 128; and amphitheatre about 650.

EUCHRE.—"A, B are partners, and D, C the same. D deals; A orders it up, and plays alone, and D goes alone against him and euchres him (A). How many does D score for game?"...... Two points.

CONSTANT READER, Springfield.—At ten pins four strikes in succession score ninety—viz., thirty for the first, thirty for the second, twenty for the third, and ten for the fourth, or ninety in all.

LOONEY, St. Louis.—Eph Horn, Johnny Allen, Nelse Seymour, S. S. Purdy, Add Ryman, W. H. Budworth, Sam Price and Frank Moran, have appeared on the end with Kelly and Leon's Minstrels since they first opened in this city.

F. L.—The statement that he never fought Davis referred to their match in 1865. Elliot defeated Davis in 9 rounds 11 minutes, at Point Pelee Island, May 10, 1867.

EUCHRE.—American Hoyle says the two spot is lowest, but as there is no two spot in a euchre pack, the seven spot should be lowest.

J. C. L., Philadelphia.—By one route the distance is 88 miles, by another it is 90. Both are right and both are wrong, and the bet is a draw.

AMATEUR PED., St. Louis.—There is no work that treats of that feature particularly. "Fistiana" contains some useful information on the subject.

C. R.—"A and B are playing euchre; A deals, B orders up, and A takes all the tricks. What is the count?"......Two points for the euchre.

C. A. H., Boston.—1. We cannot give you the lady's exact age, but she is past 34. 2. Lotta plays in your city before the close of the present season.

M. C., Waldron, Ind.—C, being neither dealer or beggar, had no voice in making the trump in all fours. B is the proper party to lead.

S. S. L., New Orleans.—1. She is married to a scenic artist, and is not playing anywhere at present. 2. Use your own judgment; we have no preference for either man.

J. F. M., Kent, Eng.—Tom Coney died in St. Louis, Mo., August 11, 1866, after a short illness, of the cholera. He left a wife and three children, the eldest only seven years of age.

LONG ISLAND, Huntingdon.—Chandler jumped 39 feet over water, Calverthorpe 34 feet over hurdles, and Lottery 33 feet over wall. We cannot give the dates of the above performances.

MAC, Pittsburgh.—1. We have frequently given a numbered diagram. Send your analysis of the game, and it will receive attention. 2. The deal goes round in regular succession.

LITTLE PICKLE, St. Louis.—1. Without a closer inspection than we have had, we cannot undertake to decide. 2. The lady is not married.

J. S. L., Charleston, S. C.—Drop a line to A. Reach, 404 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, or A. Peck & Co., 105 Nassau street, New York.

A SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Coburn defeated McCoole in 37 rounds, 1 hour and 10 minutes, May 5, 1863. 2. He also fought a draw with Ned Price, and beat Harry Gribbin.

CONSTANT READER, Annapolis, Md.—1. No. 105 Nassau street, this city. 2. A work on boxing, training, etc., by Ed Price, can be obtained by addressing Dick & Fitzgerald, this city.

JERSEY.—1 A straight flush does not count at poker, except as a flush, unless it is specially agreed upon before commencing. 2 Four fours and a seven count 24 at cribbage.

J. C. DICKEY, Cleveland, O.—Louis Fox's highest run in his match for the United States Billiard Championship on September 7, 1865, was 276.

JNO. C., Fort Harker, Kansas.—Morrissey and Hyer had a turn up in a Broadway saloon, July 19, 1854, but they were never opponents in the prize ring.

J. R. H., Chicago.—Our opinion is that the combined issues of the *Herald* exceed the combined issues of the other paper you name.

W. C. P., Providence.—The player on the left of the dealer invariably leads, and not the party taking up or making the trump.

J. K. K.—Wilson has nothing whatever to do with making the trump, which rests solely between the dealer, Donaldson, and the beggar, Snyder.

FRISCO, Boston.—1. Lotta is decidedly the best actress of the two. 2. Tommy Pell is considered the best jig dancer of the day.

W. H., Utica.—Those affairs, we are told, were bogus, manufactured by the paper you refer to. A regular challenge, accompanied by a deposit, will no doubt ensure you a customer.

THOS. EDWARDS, Toronto, C. W.—The population of Chicago was, in 1837, 4,170; 1840, 4,853; 1850, 29,963; 1860, 110,973; and in 1865 it was estimated at 175,000.

E. X.—1. Four aces beat everything. 2. Not that we are aware of.

SUBSCRIBER, Escanaba, Mich.—A. T. Stewart is a dry goods dealer.

SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn, L. I.—Heenan weighed 186lbs the day he fought Sayers. It was a transposition of the figures.

S. Memphis.—Claflin & Co. have the repute of selling more dry goods during the year than A. T. Stewart.

W. H. B., Paterson.—Each man excels in certain points; we cannot undertake to choose between the two.

J. H.—No horse has ever run three-quarters of a mile at the rate of a mile in a minute.

COOPER, Allentown, Pa.—The championship question was not involved in the late match between McDevitt and Goldthwait.

J. M. T.—It is the lower jaw of the horse, and was formerly used in minstrel bands as a musical instrument.

E. F., Malone, N. Y.—Write to Dick & Fitzgerald, publishers, this city.

CONSTANT READER, Worcester, Mass.—We cannot furnish those back numbers.

WINONAH, Baltimore.—He has retired from the stage, and is engaged in mercantile pursuits somewhere in the West.

A. B. C., Factory Point, Vt.—Your subscription expires with No. 51, present volume. Your papers are mailed regularly.

R. M. T., Memphis, Tenn.—We know of none others but the parties named.

T. P. Z., Buffalo.—The China is a screw propeller, as are all the steamers recently built for the Cunard line.

R. JAMES, Pittsburgh.—Write to Wm. Walton, East New York, L. I., who will supply you with the article wanted.

J. M. L., Philadelphia.—Yes, he is right, provided the dealer and beggar cannot agree on a trump.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—We have no room to republish the account of that contest.

AMATEUR.—L. W. Seavey & Co., 40 Perry street, this city, can furnish you with just what you want.

C. E. S., Boston.—Mrs. Chanfrau and Miss Albertine are two different persons.

JIM NASTIC, West Meriden.—There is no other book published on the subject except Wood's.

EXPRESS, Dayton, Ohio.—Lowell and Simmons, 609 Broadway this city, can furnish you with it.

A. B., Pittsburgh.—We have no record of the gentleman's affairs.

CHARLEY, Philadelphia.—1. Jack Chapman's throw was 112 yards. 2. It is rumored that he has rejoined the Atlantics.

SEVEN UP.—C wins, for although B made his two points of high, Jack, C's low scores before them.

REDDIE SIMONS, Philadelphia.—It is a stand off with both, as your hand was not a natural.

D. L., Baltimore, Md.—He peddled umbrellas before he turned his attention to boxing.

H. L. K., Dayville, Conn.—A is entitled to a sight for the amount of his pile.

J. H. M., New Bremen, O.—The dealer's hand is foul and he cannot bet on it.

CHARLEY, Annapolis.—A letter directed to George Dobson, 258 Washington street, Brooklyn, L. I., will reach him.

A SUBSCRIBER, St. Louis.—Born in this city, and is twenty-one years of age.

CONSTANT READER.—Jenny performed at Butler's on several occasions.

C. C. S., Bath, N. Y.—Your advertisement came from Rivers & Co., and is paid for each week.

C. B. & A., Norwalk, Ct.—In such a case the red does not count for either, and should be replaced.

INQUISITOR, Green Castle.—His salary was $35 per week. In New Orleans at present.

MAHOPAC.—Yes, he can sue the man for calling him a thief, but if he *is* a thief, what's to be gained by it?

HONEST MINER, Grass Valley, Cal.—We cannot send you either of the numbers you wish.

J. E. C., Baltimore, Md.—Cannot state positively. Such is the general impression.

JIM KING, Detroit.—C., in his regular turn, has the right to order it up and play alone if he chooses so to do.

CONSTANT READER, Springfield.—We published the poem a year or two ago. It is still going the rounds.

L. A. H., New Orleans.—She commenced her theatrical career in California.

TWENTY-SEVEN, Philadelphia.—Will endeavor to give you the information in our next.

P. T., New York City.—At cribbage, three sevens, an eight, and an ace, count eighteen.

J. McD., Memphis.—He never played Mazeppa himself.

ROSCIUS, New Orleans.—Orpheus C. Kerr still lives.

H. A. S.—Short articles are preferred.

W. J. T.—We do not know where such a list can be obtained.

ESSEX COUNTY.—Better write to the party yourself.

GANTZ, Wilmington.—In cutting, the ace is considered low.

LEGS.

Mr. Charles Dickens, the distinguished showman, in the 28th chapter of "Martin Chuzzlewit," puts these words into the mouth of one of his characters:—

"Do I go to the theatre to be lectured? No, Pip. If I wanted that I'd go to church. What's the legitimate object of the drama, Pip? Human nature. What are legs? Human nature. Then let us have plenty of leg pieces, Pip, and I'll stand by you, my buck!"

The wonderful viscount to whom these words are ascribed is reported by his historian to have uttered them fully twenty years ago. But he must have arisen anew of late and whispered them confidentially into the willing ears of American managers, and the public must have become converted to his notions. Legs! legs!! legs!!! in the mad mazes of the dance, in the sensuous postures of the *tableaux*, in the flat folly of the dialogue, "the people's watchful eye" (whereof politicians proclaim) sees naught but legs. The late lamented Noah Webster—who is usually referee in lexicographical sets-to—speaks as follows of the leg:—

"*Leg*—The limb of an animal used to support the body, and in walking and running." Had the old author of our first "Speller" lived at the present day he would doubtless have added—"Also used in running a theatre."

Time was when Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson and all their brilliant friends sought to raise, elevate, refine and educate the people by means of the drama. The salient points of history were deftly handled by these old fogies. Merry Prince Hal, bragging Jack Falstaff, the guilty Macbeth, the unhappy Hamlet, murdered Duncan, and all the long list of characters who figure in the old plays would not be known to the average public at all but for the old drama—although, in their day, they swayed empires, and their names hold places in the musty records of the past. But the march of improvement has brought wondrous changes. We care no longer to frame mighty facts in the pure gold of poetry. The lustre of genius which lights the gray centuries is lost in legs! The eyes of the statesman turn from the dark horoscope of his country to the shifting (and shift-less) panorama of legs. The sentimental poet ceases to rhyme "Anna's heart" and "Cupid's dart," and wildly searches his vocabulary for a proper companion couplet to Anna's leg. The dramatic critic, finding his occupation gone, can only fill his column with mild remarks on the comparative merit of the different legs, which have of a sudden usurped the places of the light and heavy, the tragic and the comic at the theatres. The grave clergyman, seeking a practical text for a thrilling discourse on the "Immoralities of the Stage," glances furtively through a double-barrelled spy-glass at legs. The father of an interesting family stealthily deserts the home fire-side and spends an enraptured evening contemplating the forest of legs. Responsible managers who pride themselves on the "legitimate," and who, present at stated intervals, "those glorious old comedies," find that the ship of their hopes gradually *scuds* before the *flying* breeze into the harbor of legs. Mr. Demosthenes, formerly an Alderman in Rome, remarked that the three elements of eloquence were:—First, action; second, action; and third, action. If we may be permitted to improve on the words of the honorable gentleman, we should say that the three elements of success to a theatre now-a-days, are first, legs; second, legs; third, legs. The author of a drama formerly won the praise if the work proved successful. Not so now. The laurels are divided between the stage carpenter and the leg-contractor, and the impatient public barely endures the irksome "lengths" which precede the delectable legs.

But there is a lesson in all this. Certainly there is. "Sermons in stories;" why not lessons in legs? The lesson is this:—legs pay. There are greenbacks in legs—great stacks of 'em. The managers attempt to smooth it over in a different way. The public taste demands such a display, they assert. And pray who makes public taste? With all due respect to the *vox populi*, which we always seek to hear, we are constrained in candor to say that the public has no taste in dramatic matters save that which is imparted by authors, actors and critics. The Melancholy Dane: *who* gave the public, who erstwhile scarce patronized him for three successive performances, the taste to crowd his house for a hundred successive nights? It certainly was not inherent. Perhaps Mr. Edwin Booth might give an intelligible answer. Why do the grand works in whose depths we can see reflected the very lives of their patient authors go begging while the bastard productions of the leggists flourish? Simply because the stage itself has educated the bugbear public taste to the worship of the calf. But argument is useless. Legs are powerful. We yield to them. We prostrate ourselves with the old musselman, and cry with him, there is but one profit and his name is Legs.

STREET SCENES BY PHOTOGRAPH.—There is no place like Holmes' for procuring photographic views of street scenes of New York. One of his latest efforts in that line is a view of Loew's high bridge, at Fulton and Broadway, a large number of New York's solid and other sort of men being caught and transferred to paper by Mr. Holmes' camera. Among the prominent persons represented is the Irish giant, O'Baldwin, whose towering form looms high over all; and near to the O'Baldwin is Jack Hicks, his companion, who looks as much at home on the Broadway bridge as if he were crossing the Surrey bridge over the Thames. Mr. Holmes' photograph gallery is at No. 208 Broadway, and the proprietor is always to be found at Holmes'.

MANUFACTORY OF SPORTING NEWS.—Owing to the dearth of *bona fide* sporting events just now, some of our unreliable contemporaries have established a manufactory, where bogus sporting items are ground out by the foot, yard or mile. Fights, wrestling matches, jumping matches, foot races, pigeon pops, etc., are furnished to order at the shortest notice, and they find ready sale among the bogus sheets.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT between the members of the New York Club is still in progress at their rooms in University Buildings, Washington Square, and as we predicted last week, Messrs. Thompson and Perrin have withstood the onslaughts of their opponents pretty successfully, as, with Captain McKenzie, they are in the van.

"GRAND BAL PARE AND MASQUE, donne par le Ceicle Francais de l' Harmonie," is to take place at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, Jan. 23d. This promises to be one of the great events of the ball season of 1868.

JUDGMENT.—In Newark, N. J., Judge Mills, on the 17th inst., bound over for trial one Joshua R. World, on the charge of attempting an outrage on a little girl eleven years of age. That will be the end of *that* World.

THE AUBURN CITY BILL POSTERS are to give a ball in that place on the 21st of February. The "girls with the Auburn hair" will be present in all their beauty. We acknowledge, with thanks, an invitation to be present.

GENERAL ODORS.—What scents are most inhaled now-a-days? Grant's reticense.

Some of the General's opponents who have read Badeau's life of Grant, say it smacks of *bad-odors*.

FISHY.—Smelt fishing has commenced in Maine. "Our Jim" says he smelt fish here long ago.

GAY BOY.—Leverich, who relieved the City Bank of several hundred thousands of dollars, is not to be prosecuted, so the other tellers tell us. Probably he has the greater Leverage on his side.

HERE AND THERE.—In New York all our ponds are frozen, and boys and men skating on them. In the South, the boys are swimming in the ponds.

A DOLLAR SUIT.—In Illinois, where a man claimed $20,000 in a libel suit, the jury gave him one dollar! That won't suit *him* very well.

"ANNIE JUDGE."—This is a very interesting book recently issued by R. M. DeWitt, New York. Any judge will tell you that Anne Judge is one of the best written books of the day.

INFAMOUS TALK.—In a speech in Congress, the other day, Fernando Wood called that body an infamous Congress. As he is a member, would it be right to call him an infamous judge?

HASH.—King Theodore, of Abyssinia, is reported to be a hasheesh eater. We have some healthy hash-ish eaters, in this city, too; some of them create an abyss in a lunch in two minutes.

CRITICAL.—The English people do not like Beecher's "Norwood." Nor would we if it had not appeared in Bonner's *Ledger*.

THE RING.

THE McLEAN AND SHEPPARD DIFFICULTY.

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE STORY ABOUT THOSE TICKETS.

DAN KERRIGAN AND McLEAN HAVE A GO.

PROSPECT OF THEIR COMING TOGETHER FOR MONEY.

The excitement occasioned among the friends of the respective parties by the recent and still existing trouble between Patsey Sheppard and Billy McLean, in the City of Brotherly Love, has been considerably augmented by the advent of a new actor upon the scene, in the person of no less an individual than the ex-champion of middle weights, Dan Kerrigan, who took a jaunt to Philadelphia last week, agreeable to appointment with Patsey Sheppard, whose steadfast friend he had proven himself to be ever since the latter bade adieu to the Mound City. Now the course of true love between Dan and Billy never did run smooth—in fact they've generally been more at loggerheads than otherwise—and Mac's alleged reprehensible conduct in approriating certain monies belonging rightfully to Sheppard didn't tend to increase Daniel's brotherly feeling for him; on the contrary, it greatly incensed him, and caused the half smothered embers of his ire to burst forth into a fierce flame. It isn't to be wondered at, therefore, that upon meeting by chance, or otherwise, in a sporting house in the Quaker City, one day last week, Dan and Billy speedily came to an exchange of digital compliments, and for a few minutes the bystanders were treated to a lively impromptu skirmish. We have heard reports from both sides concerning the affair, each claiming to have had the best of it, but as, owing to the interference of friends, the combatants were separated ere much punishment had been administered upon either side, it may be put down as an even thing between 'em. The result of this encounter will probably be, that the contestants will have another shy at each other in accordance with the rules of the P. R., providing Mac is as ready for it as Dan professes to be in a letter now before us, wherein he says, that although he long since made up his mind to retire from the arena, he will, under the circumstances, reconsider that resolution in favor of McLean, and make a match to fight him for any amount. This is sharp, business-like talk, and shows that lapse of years and want of practice hasn't taken the old fire out of the Fourth Warder yet.

Since writing the above we have received the annexed communication from McLean, which will give the general public a better understanding of the circumstances of the case and soften in a measure the ill feelings against Mac, although his striking a man so much his inferior in size will weigh in the balance against him, notwithstanding the provocation given. It will be seen that he expresses his willingness to come to terms with Dan, and as the latter has said that he will fight him for *any* amount, he can't complain of this being too small—although it's strange Mac can't find friends to back him for a larger sum—and so, if both really mean it, we don't see what's to prevent them coming together. Read McLean's letter:—

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 15, '68.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*—Several statements which appeared in your last issue regarding Patsey Sheppard and myself, and which are calculated to do me injury, have induced me to make a plain statement of facts, so that the public may know exactly how I stand. Upon my return to New York, after my late exhibition here, Patsey called upon me and stated that Dan Kerrigan wanted to go on a tour through the west with him, but he didn't fancy the idea, and so we made arrangements to join in together, and share the proceeds equally. I came to this city, secured a hall with my own money, and Sheppard came on a few days afterwards, with just two dollars in his pocket. I was short myself, but I obtained some money on my watch and chain, and borrowed more for him, that he might have something to show in company. The affair cost me over $50, and I might have been doing something for myself instead of running around for Sheppard. After we quarreled, he agreed to give me $25—he can't deny that, for I have plenty of witnesses to prove it. I got $30 worth of tickets and sold them. Two men who had heard of my splitting with Sheppard gave me $5 for one ticket. Patsey came to the hotel and asked me if I would give him all over $25, which I, of course, refused to do, as the five dollars which those friends gave for one ticket was on my account and not his, as they had heard of the trouble between us. He then called me a son of a b——h and a fraud, and said he would get me slugged before a hotel full of people. I said nothing in answer, but as soon as Sheppard passed outside I struck him, and he ran away, leaving his hat behind him. There was no "clinch," as your informant stated. Some time after this occurrence Dan Kerrigan came into a saloon where I was, and struck me in the jaw while I had my hands in my pocket; but I soon made him kiss the floor, and that ended it. He made some chin music, and said I was a fraud and dare not fight, but the fact of my wanting to fight Con Orem, when no one else would, and that, too, when I was sick, will disprove this assertion. Again, Kerrigan said he would fight me for fun, but when I offered to fight him for $100 a side (which I will accommodate him with yet) he did not feel so much like fighting, although he had the money. Ain't it strange that a man should wish to fight for nothing in preference to money? I only wish I could get more, and I would fight for it. I have been a quiet, foolish toy for such men long enough, and won't put up with any more nonsense from any of them. Pardon the length of this letter—I want the public to know that I am not in the wrong in this matter. Resp'y yours, BILLY McLEAN.

THE O'BALDWIN-HICKS FIZZLE IN PROVIDENCE.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.

The subjoined communication from George Rooke, in reference to the failure of the testimonial benefit tendered O'Baldwin and Hicks in Providence, R. I., places the affair in a somewhat different light to that in which it has heretofore appeared to the outside public, and reflects a deal of discredit upon the Giant, who, if he persists in such a course, will find this country a hard road to travel, both pecuniarily and otherwise. From what they have heard of him, everybody looks for courtesy and square dealing at his hands, and he will be consulting his own interest by taking care that the public do not find themselves in error in their estimation of his character. Read:—

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 16, '68.

FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir.*—The report of your correspondent relative to O'Baldwin and Hicks' recent fizzle here, although in the main correct, contains several false statements which I, in justice to myself, desire to contradict through your columns. I became acquainted with O'Baldwin at his first benefit in this country on the 3d inst., and invited him and Hicks to visit Providence, which they agreed to do on the week following. Mr. Watts, their agent, arrived on the 6th inst., and stated that they would certainly be here by the 4 o'clock train on Wednesday morning. Out of courtesy and friendship I left my business hours at a time and assisted the agent in making the necessary arrangements, securing talent, etc. By authority of Mr. Watts the papers mentioned the time fixed for the arrival of the parties, which excited much curiosity to see him, and my house was visited by hundreds of persons on Wednesday, who expected to see the great O'B., and were greatly disappointed because they did not. This disappointment turned to doubt and indignation when Saturday arrived, and still no sign of O'Baldwin or Hicks, and some parties went so far as to charge me with getting up a canard to draw custom to my house, and secure pecuniary profits through the reputation of others. Hicks and Welsh reached here on the 4 o'clock train on the 11th inst. O'Baldwin failed to show up until half-past six. We then repaired to the hall, opened the doors and sold about 125 tickets. When the time arrived to commence, the show could not go on owing to the absence of musicians and performers, who, like hundreds of others, remained away in order to ensure their not being hoaxed. O'Baldwin was called for, but couldn't be found, he having left double quick when he saw how matters stood. There was no alternative but to refund the money received, and this Hicks and myself did. O'Baldwin was found esconsed in a porter house, and upon being asked if he was going to assist in paying for the hall bill, printing, etc., became highly indignant, said he had no money, and would not pay. Hicks then spoke up like a man, and said that although he didn't have much money, he would give all that he had towards liquidating the debts. It was impossible to get any money out of O'Baldwin, but out of respect for Hicks and Welsh, and to save the party from arrest, I got the price of the hall reduced from $65 to $40, and held myself responsible for it and all other expenses. Even his baggage, which came to my saloon, I paid for. Under these circumstances, the least he could have done was to thank me, but he did not even bid me good by when he left town. Hicks proved himself a perfect gentleman. In place of O'Baldwin being out $300, he was not out three cents. I am the loser, and, thank *Providence*, I can stand it. Respectfully yours, GEORGE ROOKE.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

SAM COLLYER READY TO NEGOTIATE WITH HICKEN.

From the silence preserved by the Light Weight Champion since the challenge issued by Abe Hicken appeared in our columns, it was currently believed that he did not contemplate entering the ring again, unless he could prevail upon his old opponent, Barney Aaron, to meet him a third time, while the view taken by some was, that in consequence of the said defi not being accompanied by the customary deposit to make good the word of the challenger, Sam had concluded to pay no attention to it, as he would have been justified in doing. Both these opinions have proved erroneous, however, for on the 20th inst. Collyer, who is at present fulfilling a lengthy engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House, in this city, called at the CLIPPER office, and stated that although he had a number of engagements to fill which would preclude the possibility of his fighting very soon, he was willing to hear what Hicken had to say in the matter, and would meet him at any specified time, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock, during the next two weeks, at Mike Henry's, Fulton street, Brooklyn, when, if they can arrive at a satisfactory understanding, a second meeting is to be held at this office, for the purpose of drawing up articles and posting the money to clinch the argument. This business-like talk is what the fraternity have been waiting to hear, showing that Sam is not inclined to allow anybody to step into the Champion's shoes without having a fight for it, and as Abe appeared very desirous of getting on with Collyer when he left the challenge, and has [illegible] men behind him, there is now every probability of another match for the championship being speedily arranged. Should these men come together, the interest awakened therein will equal, if not exceed, that evinced in the struggle between Collyer and Aaron, from the reputation obtained by Hicken as a hard fighter, by his numerous battles upon the English soil, and his known ability as a clever and scientific boxer, up to all the tricks of the circle, and never allowing an opportunity to slip that he could turn to advantage. Let Ebenezer respond to the above declaration of intentions as soon as possible, that there may be no delay in consummating so important a match.

YOUNG CHEER'S EXHIBITION,

at 600 Broadway, on the evening of Wednesday, 15th inst., was not largely attended. The meagreness of the audience was attributable to two reasons, the first of which is that the class who support these entertainments are becoming surfeited by their rapid succession, and, second, the fact that Cheer being one of the smaller fry—although none the less deserving, personally, upon that account—it wasn't expected that anything out of the usual run would be presented, and so there was nothing to attract the outside public.

The ball opened with a duo of fistically-ambitious specimens of Young America, who furnished considerable fun for the boys, as they rapped away at each other for the space of ten minutes, sticking to their work like a cobbler to his wax, and not wanting to let up when a couple of larger growth sallied forth from the dressing room.

These were Young Gallegher, who made such a warm set-to with Teddy McAuliffe at Harry Hicken's ben., and Young Riley, the former being the taller of the twain, but the latter partly making up for this disparity by greater avoirdupois. It was slog and more of it from the time Tovee delivered the signal until they made their parting obeisance, and pleased the onlookers mightily, who evinced the same by according them the usual meed of praise as they stepped off, the perspiration oozing the while from every pore and trickling down their flushed anatomy.

The next pair were the brothers Mehaney, whom William facetiously observed upon introducing would show the auditors an illustration of the cause and effect of brotherly love. The way they did boost each other from side to side of the stage was worth half a dollar to see any time, and afforded sufficient provocation for an individual of a more delicate organization to disclaim relationship with the perpetrator. But that's exactly what they mounted the stage to do and for the honor of the family name they were determined not to skedaddle until they had done so, and thereby created a favorable impression, which no one whose auricular organs were jarred by the discordant, boisterous tokens of approbation which greeted them could deny them the credit of having done. They have made a first-rate commencement and when they show up for another go they will be greeted cordially. They were succeeded by Johnny Dwyer and Tom Kelly, the last arrival from Britain, who although English by reputation is an Irishman born. From the fact of Kelly having encountered such good men on the other side as Jack Rooke, Harry Allen, Brown, Rodley and others, as well as the talk of his being matched with George Rooke, of Little Rhody, much interest was manifested to see him perform, but the bout didn't equal expectation owing to the Brooklynite having injured one of his shoulders, which necessitated light play, and though some pretty sparring was witnessed, neither man made as fine a display as they would have done had each felt in the humor. Heavier work was expected at their second meeting at Kelly's exhibition on the 20th inst.

Billy Edwards followed suit with the brawny-shouldered and hirsute "rum 'un to look at but good 'un to go," Young Glasco, stripped to the pelt, barring his nether gear. It will be remembered that the latter had it hot and heavy with Johnny Grady at Edwards' show, and this was another instalment of the same sort. "Warm" was no name for it, and "hot" failed to convey a correct idea of the character of the set-to, which excited the boys to a very high pitch, and, to use a figurative expression, nearly raised the roof off the shebang. Like Johnny, Edwards found it obligatory upon him to make the advances. Glasco waiting for him every time; but when they did come together it was slap, bang, smash, with right and left, right along until the finish, each bent upon proving, by occular demonstration, who could hit the hardest.

Dick Holliwood was down on the bills for the wind-up with Cheer, but didn't feel well, and Mike Coburn consented to take his place. They had it in rattling shape once before, and this time they fully equalled the last. They sparred for over half an hour, and for science, hard hitting and trickery it compared well with anything of the sort we ever witnessed. Mickey had rather the best of it, Cheer coming to the floor once pretty heavily. This brought the evening's entertainment to a close, and sent everybody to their virtuous couches well satisfied with the return received for the currency expended.

DEATH OF GEORGE KING.—Our latest foreign files bring us intelligence of the demise of this somewhat noted pugilist, who fought and had an extensive circle of acquaintance in both hemispheres, which melancholy event occurred at the East End of London, England, on December 29. King is said to have been born in Cleveland, O., but went to England at a very early age, and first figured in the ring October 20, 1857, when he met Clarke, of Liverpool, and, after contesting 122 rounds, in two hours and fifty minutes, the battle was decided a draw. They fought again August 24, 1858—King winning in 67 rounds, lasting one hour and fifty-five minutes. Shortly after this George returned to the States, and in the spring of 1860 was matched with John Woods, of Boston, Mass. The men were to have met in New Jersey, but owing to some "little arrangement" the fight didn't take place. Again was a place of meeting arranged, but a second time were the patrons of the ring disappointed, and on another occasion, when there *was* a probability of the men coming together at Willett's Point, L. I., a descent was made upon the party by Inspector Foulk and a *posse* of aids, who arrested the principals and a number of others, whom they also severely maltreated. The stakes, a purse of $200, were subsequently awarded to Woods, as it was evident King's backers did not intend to allow him to fight at all. They were afterward rematched for a purse, and fought at Weehawken, N. J., Dec. 5, 1860. Woods proving victorious in 56 rounds, lasting 75 minutes. Woods was seconded by Lewy Beiral and Johnny Mackey, while Jemmy Massey and Australian Kelly waited upon King. Fatty Walsh officiated as referee. A few months subsequent he took his departure for England, where he made his last appearance in the roped arena March 25, 1862, the famous Patsy Reardon being his opponent. They fought 14 rounds in 2 hours and 26 minutes, when, as neither meant finishing, the referee declared it a draw. King remained in England up to the time of his death. Like the majority of his class, George was his own worst enemy, and, like them, died in the utmost destitution.

GOOD LITTLE FIGHT BETWEEN GREEN 'UNS.—The sporting blades of the Monumental City were favored with a brisk milling match between a couple of their ilk, named respectively Hank Quinn and Ned Kearney, early on the morning of the 13th inst. The match was an impromptu one, the stake at issue a twenty dollar greenback, and the spot selected for the adjustment of difficulties, Stone House Cove, about two miles distant from the city. Quinn was handled by Neale Green and Bill Johnson, while Ben Williams and George Shaffner esquired Kearney; Michael Bond officiating as referee. Kearney gained first knock down and first blood in the opening round, and after the sixth had all the fighting in his favor, although he received severe punishment in exchange for that which he gave. Quinn continued to gamely face the music, which, to him at least, wasn't of a very enchanting description, being too much on the "strike while the iron is hot" order, until the conclusion of the fortieth round, when his second gave in for him, after they had been battling an hour and seven minutes by the watch. They performed very well indeed for novices.

SCRIMMAGE IN THE TWIN CITY.—A couple of denizens of the coaldust district, named respectively Pat Foley and Mart O'Connor, good Fenians both, having had a slight altercation over their "gumbo gum" (none warranted pure and undefiled unless bearing the magic letters "A. M.") adjourned to a spot near the Union Skating Park, Allegheny City, Pa., and adjusted their "condemned diffikilty" by an appeal to muscle, exercised according to the New Rules. Foley took a commanding lead at once, showing himself to be much better posted in the rudiments than his opponent, who, however, was game to the spinal column, continuing to take his gruel until ten good, hard-fought rounds had been pulled through, in about an hour. A clinch and heavy fall in the tenth finally satisfied the O'C., and Patricius was hailed the victor.

CORRECT.—The report alluded to in our last issue of the arrival of Tom Kelly, who fought Jack Rooke and other good men in the B. P. R., but of which no confirmation had been received up to the hour of going to press, turns out to be correct. He landed at this port on the 11th inst., from the steamer City of Washington, and on the following Tuesday called at the CLIPPER office, in company with George Cheer. He contemplates taking up his permanent residence in this country, and as he seems to be a civil, well-behaved young fellow, by pursuing a proper course he ought to do as well as any of his brethren.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR MATCH IN THE FAR WEST.—Mike McDermott, who is at present located at Omaha and doing well, as his many friends here will be glad to hear, informs us of a match recently made between Joe Riley and Joe Bean, who met once before, the former winning in 1 round lasting 2½ minutes. The fight will be for $1,000 a side and will take place on Feb. 10th, near Cheyenne, D. T. Riley has fought several times, never yet been defeated, and is looked upon as a very promising boxer.

FIGHT FOR A CENTURY.—Pete Deacon and Tom Farley, a couple of Jerseymen, having a *penchant* for muscular displays, are said to have battered each other for fifty dollars a side, on the 11th inst. After contesting thirty-eight rounds in about one hour and ten minutes, Peter dropped without a blow, whereupon the referee, being appealed to, gave his decision in favor of Farley, who went through the crowd and collected $25 for the defeated man.

JEM MACE, who announces himself "Retired Champion of England," was to have given representations of the Roman and Grecian Statues, with lime light effects, at London Music Hall, Manchester, England, on Jan. 6th.

THE GOSS AND WORMALD MATCH.—This match was going on all right at last advices. The amount up had been increased to £30 a side on the 31 inst., and there seemed a fair prospect of the stakes being doubled and the championship included in the issue, which Goss is very desirous of doing.

PETER MORRIS MATCHED.—The British light-weight champion wants to meet young Fawcett in Birmingham on the 6th inst., and draw up articles to fight at 8st 2lb for £50 a side.

O'BALDWIN AND HICKS IN BOSTON.—Wait's Hall, in South Boston, was invaded by the sporting division in extensive numbers on the evening of Wednesday, 15th inst. to do honor to the giant O'Baldwin and his more diminutive side partner, Jack Hicks. Among the lesser lights who put on the mittens during the evening were O'Brien and Donovan, Johnny Martin and Jack Garnett, George Siddons and Jim Hughes, and Jack Hicks and Sol Aaron, all of whom did well and were loudly applauded. John Woods was advertised to wind-up with O'Baldwin, but the wily Woods declined to make the same good, except upon the boards of some established and popular place of amusement. Luke Welch came on as a substitute and made a fair set-to, which in a measure consoled the crowd for their disappointment. On the evening of the 18th inst., O'Baldwin and Hicks were to appear again at the Howard Athenæum.

THE RILEY AND LEAVY MATCH.—The meet for the purpose of planking the third deposit and drawing up new articles in the matter between Butt Riley and Pat Leavy was held at Jack Leonard's, on Monday evening, 13th inst., but as the latter party insisted upon being allowed the privilege of choosing a referee and naming him then and there, in lieu of allowing the other side the choice of stakeholder—an arrangement which Riley and his friends very sensibly declined to make, as the stakeholder had already been mutually agreed upon—nothing satisfactory was accomplished, and they adjourned to meet at Colbert's on Wednesday, 15th inst. They were on hand, punctual to time, but another stormy discussion only had

the effect of widening the breach, and terminated in leaving the matter further from adjustment than at the commencement. The Leavyites persistently refused to accept as stakeholder the man whom they themselves had an equal voice in selecting unless they were permitted to choose the referee, and the upshot of the affair was that the stakeholder did the only thing which it was manifestly right for him to do under the circumstances, and that was to express his resolve to return to each man the amount deposited upon his behalf.

PATSY SHEPPARD AND DAN KERRIGAN IN BALTIMORE.—This ambitious, sturdily-built light-weight boxer, who is generally conceived to be the man destined to do battle with Barney Aaron on All Fools' Day, and Dan Kerrigan, as good a little man as existed in his prime, are now traveling together, and at last accounts were in the Monumental City, where they are announced to take a joint benefit on Thursday evening, 23d inst., at Metropolitan Hall.

THE CHAMPION ON A TOUR.—Joe Coburn proposes starting on a sparring tour through the country some time during the current week, preparatory to commencing training for his forthcoming $10,000 mill with McCoole on the 27th of May. He will visit all the principal cities of the Eastern and Middle States, making his first stand in Philadelphia and second in Baltimore, and will be accompanied by the experienced and jovial Frank McIntyre—the pedestrian who didn't walk to Quakerdom—who will, in all likelihood, assist in preparing Coburn for the approaching struggle.

A FOOLISH MOVE.—In our last issue we stated that Mike McCoole was in the city, on the look-out for a hall wherein to give an exhibition. After a deal of trouble and vexation of spirit Sam Davis managed to obtain for him the large hall under Central Hall, in the Bowery, but Mac didn't like paying the price asked for it, $250, and not being able to do any better, took the train for Philadelphia on the 14th inst., in company with Val McKinney. McCoole acted very foolishly in this, for although the tariff was rather stiff he could have crowded nigh two thousand persons into the hall at a dollar a head, and made a stack of money by it, for everybody who takes the least interest in such things and could scrape together the sugar would be certain to attend.

THE AARON UNKNOWN MATCH.—The sixth and final deposit of $500 a side in the above important match has to be forthcoming at Rockey Moore's, the "Inwood," on Sunday afternoon, 26th inst., when in all likelihood the name of the Unknown will be definitely settled, and the public will discover whether their speculations in regard to Patsy Sheppard are well founded or not. We hear that Barney contemplates training at a fashionable resort near the metropolis, instead of Philadelphia, as he intended. Dooney Harris will be with him.

O'BALDWIN'S CHALLENGE.—Up to the time of going to press we had received no response to O'Baldwin's challenge, published in our last. It is pretty currently reported that if the Giant will make a match for $10,000 a side, he can be accommodated in this city. What says he?

MCCOOLE IN PHILADELPHIA.—Mike McCoole takes a benefit at the Atlantic Garden, Callowhill street, below 5th, Philadelphia, Pa., Wednesday evening, 22d inst.

We have letters for Mike Trainer and Mike Coburn.

BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS IN BOSTON.—Pierre Carme has been on a visit to the Hub, where he has been showing them how the spheres may be controlled. On Jan. 16th he gave an exhibition at Bumstead Hall, where a few of the more interested assembled to witness the wielding of the cue by the Professor and other experts. The display began with a game of 250 points, push shots barred, on a carom table, between Mr. Carme and Mr. William Tobin, which was won by the latter in twenty innings, by fifteen points. Mr. Tobin had the gratification of receiving well merited applause at the close of a run of 103. Upon the conclusion of this game Mr. Carme proceeded to exhibit his skill in handling the cue and the science of billiards. His control over the ivories is considered truly wonderful by the Bostonese. His *masse* shots caused the balls to form eccentric circles, to go and come before they actually got there, to pass nearly the table's length, and make numerous semicircles. He also executed a carom on a ball upon the table and one in a hat at an elevation of two feet, on one placed upon the head of some person sitting in a chair at the table's end, which latter shot Mr. Carme rightly terms his famous "William Tell Shot." At the close of his individual part of the exhibition, the evening's entertainment concluded with a display game between Mr. Carme and Mr. Edward Daniels, the champion of Massachusetts, and similar to that played with Mr. Tobin. This game Mr. Carme also lost in 14 innings by 68 tallies.

AN INTERESTING MATCH MADE.—The challenge of L. W. Simonds, of Danbury, Conn., proposing to give any player in that State the long odds of 500 points in a game of 1,500, played with 2 3 8 balls, on a second-sized four-pocket table, for $500 a side, has been accepted by the Connecticut champion, Mr. H. Hewins. The match has been made "play or pay," all money to be looked upon as subject to forfeiture as soon as up. Each has $100 up; $100 more a piece is to be put up February 7, and the remaining $300 a side must be staked February 17. The game is to be played in New Haven, within about fifty days.

TOURNAMENT IN OGDENSBURG.—Messrs. Tallman & Williams, proprietors of the Seymour House, Ogdensburg, N. Y., have proposed to offer a prize of $500 to the winner of a tournament to be held in that city, provided that Joseph Dion, John McDevitt, Melvin Foster, William Goldthwait and John W. Coon participate. Here is a fine chance for the cracks of the profession. There is no restriction as to time, that being subject to the convenience of the players. Melvin Foster is willing to take a hand, on condition that the other four named shall be his opponents. What say McDevitt, Goldthwait, Dion and Coon?

CHARITY BILLIARDS.—Michael Phelan played on the 16th inst. for the benefit of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Fourteenth street. The game was 200 points up, and Phelan's best run 65. His opponent was an amateur, who kindly volunteered to be slaughtered for the amusement of the spectators.

PLAYING BY MCDEVITT AND RYALL.—McDevitt started for Chicago on Monday, the 13th inst. The following night he played at the room of the Union League Club, in Philadelphia, with R. T. Ryall. Two games, one French and the other American, were played, Ryall winning the first easily, and McDevitt the second. *Apropos* of the League, they have since ordered seven of Phelan and Collender's tables. With these in their room, the Club will just about discount, so far at least as number of tables is concerned, any other club in the country. The next largest club billiard room is that of the Club Harmonic, of this city, which has four tables.

TALL PLAYING BY MELVIN FOSTER.—This young player, who has been in the background for a long while, not having played in a match for nearly three years, is doing wonders with the balls, and his chances of winning the championship from McDevitt are considered "A No. 1." One day last week, in a discount game of 500 points, with a tip-top amateur, he ran out the required number from the word "go;" and in the evening he did precisely the same thing in a game of 300 points. These figures are ominous, and McDevitt's recently acquired laurels are in danger.

SOMETHING EXTRAORDINARY AT POOL.—Oscanyan, the lecturer, is also a billiardist; and while playing fifteen-ball pool at Otis Field's, the other day, he pocketed all the balls, thus emulating the feat accomplished by an amateur at Kilduff's, about five weeks ago. Both players had the first shot in their respective games.

PIN POOL AT PATSEY'S.—The private room, with three Standard tables, is now in full blast at "Patsy's," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, and it is here that pin-pool players most do congregate. The pool table is in charge of James Kinnan, who, having kept this particular game since 1848, and in almost every city from Maine to Georgia, ought by this time to understand his business.

A SLOW MATCH.—Frederick Grote and W. H. Griffith played a game of 300 points, caroms and hazards, on the 15th inst., for $100. Grote won it by about 50 points, after two and a half hours' play. The best run was 14, nine of which were made by a "fluke" on one shot. The average must have been about one and a half, or two. Hence, there was a deal of fun.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—Peter Mitchell has retired from the billiard-room at 202 Broadway, and William J. Sharkey is now sole proprietor. Since the change was made, another table has been put in, making the total number of eight.

CURLING.

A CURLING MATCH was played at Montreal, C. E., on the 18th inst., between bonnie Scotchmen to the manner born respectively of Canada and Scotland. The Canadians were beaten by their trans-Atlantic cousins by a total of 34 to 14.

THE ST. ANDREW'S CURLING CLUB recently visited Paterson, N. J., where they tried the mettle of the Paterson club on Hoxie Lake, having three rinks. After an interesting contest the Patersonians defeated the Auld Scotians, of the St. Andrew, by scoring 83 against 71. At the close of play the conquerors feasted the conquered in hospitable style.

ANOTHER CURLING CLUB is about to be formed at Paterson, N. J., under the auspices and tuition of the one already established.

CURLING IN CLEVELAND.—The Caledonian Curling Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., played a match game of curling at Cleveland on the 15th inst., with the Burns Club of the same place, the contest being for a gold medal offered by the National Curling Association, through the President, Mr. David Bell, of Buffalo. The Buffalo Club made 101 points; Cleveland Club 96, Buffalo winning the medal.

CURLING MATCHES.—The Yonkers Club were defeated by the Thistle, at Central Park, by a score of 79 to 74, on the 13th inst. ......On the 16th the match with four rinks, between the New York and Thistle clubs, took place at Central Park, the latter winning by one shot only. Score, 110 to 109......A four rink contest between the Caledonia and Thistle clubs was decided in favor of the former by a score of 127 to 107, on the 13th inst.

AQUATICS.

PALISADE CLUB MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Palisade Boat Club was held at the boat house on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst., when the following officers were unanimously elected for the present year:—President, J. G. P. Holden; Vice President, J. E. Millard; Secretary, H. G. Smith; Treasurer, T. Astley Atkins. The delegates to represent the club in the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, for this year, are Messrs. Holden, Millard and Smith. A committee was also appointed at this meeting to procure the incorporation of the club. A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring President, Henry Amelung, Esq., through whose exertions and liberality the club was originally formed. The meeting room of the "Palisades" is now completed and painted, and the club will soon be ready to "keep open house" to enable their friends to view their snug and pleasant quarters.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

NEREID BOAT CLUB.—This aquatic organization, although not yet a twelvemonth in existence, is in a flourishing condition, and have, we understand, a number of boats, of various descriptions, in course of construction. The following gentlemen were chosen to serve during the year ensuing at a meeting held on the 15th inst.:—President, Thomas B. Atkins; Vice President, George E. Bleecker; Secretary, Edward A. Willard; Treasurer, George H. Wicks; Captain, A. Vanderbilt; Lieutenant, E. A. Willard.

COLUMBIA BOAT CLUB.—At the regular meeting of this organization, held on the 14th inst., the following officers were chosen to serve during the ensuing twelvemonth:—President, H. G. Hashagen; Vice President, J. A. Meredith; Secretary, Geo. M. Young; Treasurer, W. A. Martin.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by GEO. MUNRO & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, for the Southern District of New York.

Captain Carleton's Great Story of Indian Life.

THE MYSTERIOUS HUNTER;

OR,

THE MAN OF DEATH.

BY CAPTAIN L. C. CARLETON.

CHAPTER I.

Gold! gold in California.

How this announcement, some twenty years ago, thrilled the country from the lakes to the gulf! How topsy-turvy it turned all pre-conceived notions as to the idea of slowly acquired wealth, and opened up dazzling visions of untold riches to the universal Yankee nation!

The Gold Fever burst out suddenly and became almost instantaneously a sweeping, raging epidemic.

The banker locked up his vaults, the merchant closed his ledger, the lawyer thrust his brief into the grate, and the mechanic left his bench—all in thorough disgust with the old maxim, "slow, but sure"—turning their faces westward toward the ELDORADO of the Pacific.

Some went by steamer, via the Isthmus; others ventured by sail, to incur the perils of Cape Horn; whilst others still, most venturesome of all, struck out boldly across the unexplored deserts of the Far West, to meet unknown hardships, and encounter perils from fierce beasts and fiercer men.

With this much of preface, kind reader, let me introduce myself.

Henry Gregory, aged twenty-two—a victim of the gold fever—at your service.

That I, of all others, should be attacked by the fever, seemed eminently proper and natural; for an adventurous life seemed to be, as it were, my birth-right. My father and grandfather had been New Bedford whalemen, and their lives had been full of perils, and strange vicissitudes; whilst my elder and only brother had run away at the early age of twelve, and entered the merchant service. An uncle, too, had been a man-of-warsman, and had been shot down on board the ill-fated Chesapeake, standing by the side of the immortal Lawrence. Thus I grew up, my mind stored day by day with marvellous tales of the great deep.

When I was at the age of fifteen, my father sailed upon his last voyage, and met his death far away in the North Pacific. An enormous sperm whale, harpooned and dying, crushed in the pursuing boat with a single blow of his ponderous tail, and of three men who were drowned, one was my father.

I was now the only stay of my mother and sister, the latter aged twelve. It was determined that I should go to school and receive an education. Two years finished my course, to my infinite delight, for I was no book-worm; I longed for a more active life and greater freedom. The next five years developed my manhood, and found me a merchant's clerk, but as uneasy, unsettled and restless as a caged bird.

I longed for the sea, I longed for the great West; anything indeed that promised adventure and activity. Nothing but my deep love for her who bore me, and her determined opposition to my venturing upon the sea, restrained me from shipping before the mast for a common sailor.

The Mexican war came, and the entreaties and tender kisses of a mother and sister alone deprived the country of another willing volunteer. About this time, an unfortunate fire destroyed the homestead and brought pecuniary troubles. It was now absolutely necessary that I should do something to support the family. Most opportune discovery—Gold in California!

Untold wealth to all who would come and gather it! Was not this a providential opening? It promised not only wealth, but its acquisition in a manner most congenial to my disposition.

To my earnest arguments was added the reduced pecuniary condition of our family, all pleading in my favor, and it was decided that I should join the countless throng that already jostled along the great highways to the land of gold.

I was not to go alone. New Bedford was full of adventurous youths. Hal Pittman was to go with me. Hal was my second self, the playmate of my boyhood, and occupied the third place in my affections—my mother and sister naturally coming first.

Hal was a glorious fellow, generous to a fault, high-minded, full of spirit, and brave as a lion. The fact that he always showed a partiality for my sister, Leonore, and that it was returned on her part, did not tend to lessen him in my esteem.

Hal's father, too, had been a sailor—a captain of a ship engaged in the Havana trade; but he had, at the time of which I write, been dead several years. To illustrate the character of the father and the son let me relate a brief incident of one of their voyages.

When Hal was only nine years old his father took him along on a trip to Cuba. There were pirates in those days, and to be prepared in case of necessity many merchant vessels carried a cannon or two, besides arms for the crew. The Nancy—that was the name of Capt. Pittman's ship—carried two six-pounders, and muskets and cutlasses for thirty men.

When about fifty miles out from Havana a suspicious looking craft hove in sight and gave chase. She was unanimously voted to be a pirate, and so she proved. Capt. Pittman had on board a very valuable cargo, and at once crowded all sail to escape. Unfortunately, it was not a stern chase, and the pirate was a splendid sailer. She bowled along over the sea like a proud courser, and was soon nearly athwart the fore-foot of the Nancy, and within long musket shot.

A flash from the bow-port of the pirate, and a twenty-four pound shot tore through the forward bulwarks of the Nancy. All hope of escape by flight was cut off, and resistance seemed almost useless, for the deck of the pirate was covered with men.

Still the captain was loth to surrender; but he saw no hopes to save life in any other direction, and with a sullen look, gazed at the swiftly approaching vessel. The two six-pounders were loaded, and the one aft was pointed toward the pirate. Hal had watched the entire scene with intense interest, and when the roar of the enemy's gun boomed over the sea, and the splinters flew from the bulwarks, it seemed to fire his young blood.

He crept stealthily aft, and, unseen by any of the crew, applied the coal to the vent of the cannon. The little six-pounder roared out furiously, startling the entire crew.

Captain Pittman darted aft in a towering passion to see who had ventured to do so serious a thing without orders, and was overwhelmed with surprise on beholding little Hal dancing with delight at his exploit.

Before the angry parent could reach the erring son, a cry of dismay was heard from the deck of the pirate, and great confusion was visible amongst the enemy.

It was soon explained.

The six-pounder had been loaded with a solid shot, and this had gone crushing through the pirate's hull an inch below the water's edge.

The pirate was sinking!

The entire aspect of affairs was changed; hope sprang up in the breasts of all on board the Nancy. The captain seemed all at once embued with a marvellous spirit. Gun after gun was discharged, one most happily carrying away the pirate's fore-top mast, and essentially checking her speed. A fresher breeze sprang up, and the Nancy crowded on more sail, and soon the pirate was left behind out of range. In half an hour darkness fell, and what became of the pirate vessel none on board the Nancy ever knew.

Hal's spunk had saved the ship, and he was, during the balance of the trip, a great pet with the old tars.

This same Hal was to go with me to the land of gold. We completed our arrangements, bade sorrowful adieus to our friends, and were *en route* to the new Eldorado.

CHAPTER II.

Independence, Missouri.

In due course of time we reached this young and growing frontier city; a city that was to us the limit of civilization, and the initial point of our journey across the seemingly illimitable prairies of the Far West.

It was a bustling, lively place, full of energy and life, made so on the instant by the enormous rush of emigration to California, a large proportion of the overland tide of travel choosing this route for reasons that we need not pause to mention.

Emigrant trains left frequently, averaging often two a week, comprising from twenty to an hundred souls each, and having a corresponding compliment of teams. These trains, or "caravans," although starting from a common point, did not pursue the same track, but branched out to the north and south, scattering all over that vast range of territory bounded on the north by the Platte, and on the south by the Arkansas, hundreds of miles in width.

We attached ourselves to a train that was to start in three days. It was to contain fifty souls and ten wagons, each vehicle requiring four stout mules. There were several females and children in the party, and thirty-three able-bodied men, well armed with rifles.

Hal and I had but little "baggage;" indeed, a stout and somewhat espacious carpet sack contained our joint stock; and for the transportation of this we arranged with the owner of a wagon for twenty-five dollars in gold.

In our personal outfit we were, perhaps, somewhat extravagant; but the reader must not forget our comparative youth and adventurous spirit. He will also bear in mind that we were determined to combine pleasure with profit.

We bought a regular hunter's garb, consisting of hunting shirts, leggings, striped cotton undershirts, blue neck-ties, slouched felt hats, with low crowns, stout boots and brass spurs. In dress we were as near alike as two peas, and, being about the same size, we bore a striking resemblance to each other.

We were emphatically "armed to the teeth." In our holsters we carried a pair of Colt's revolvers, six-shooters; in our belts, old-fashioned bowie-knives; light, ornamented rifles completed the armament. We had also flasks and pouches, canteens and haversacks.

We thought we had made good bargains in purchasing our horses; mine was a powerful bay—Hall's a staunch black. They were both American horses, stout, of good proportions, and possessed considerable speed. Our saddles and bridles were after the Mexican style, quite serviceable and richly ornamented.

We were ready, and the train was to start the next morning at daybreak.

Independence was, as I have stated, a sort of mushroom city. Like Jonah's gourd, it had sprung up in a night.

Its population was a floating one, and composed of the most heterogeneous material; and after the manner of all frontier towns, it abounded in drinking saloons and gambling shops.

The evening prior to our departure was oppressively sultry, and the streets were full of people. Hal and I lit our cigars and started for a stroll.

Soon our attention was attracted to a scene under a little clump of trees in front of a "canvas" drinking shop. A good sized monte-table, covered with red chintz, had been erected, and on it were several piles of half and quarter eagles. A group of half a dozen men stood around the table, eyeing the treasure.

Behind the table sat two men, the owners, no doubt, of the gambling establishment. One was a large, thick-set fellow, with low, repulsive features; his hair was long and unkempt, and his whiskers and shaggy eyebrows were perfectly enormous; he was broad-shouldered, and apparently a physical giant. He was dressed in the rude garb of the frontier, and had a belt stuck full of pistols and knives. Undoubtedly he was a rough and ugly customer. His partner was a Mexican. There was no mistaking those clean-cut, sharp angular features, those black piercing eyes, those white, ghastly teeth, that dried-up, yellow, peppery skin. He was not a large man, only a trifle above the medium; but every movement and word indicated the craftiness and treachery of the full-blown Mexican. He was beyond doubt every inch a knave, and even more to be feared than his brutal looking companion.

The two were Strength and Craft; always formidable when combined.

These two worthies appeared to own the establishment, and to be employing the most seductive and persuasive speeches to entice bystanders and passers by to try their fortunes in a game of hazard. They were but too successful, for the spirit of gaming ran high. Were we not all, in fact, risking everything, even our lives, in a mad pursuit of wealth? If wealth were to be gained here, what use to seek farther? So many reasoned, and were fleeced of what they had, instead of adding to their means.

"Hold on!" whispered Hal into my ear. "This seems to be a regular slaughter shop. Look now, that youngster has just lost fifty dollars. What a precious pair of cutthroats these monte-dealers are?"

He paused at the table. A half dozen wood torches blazing in the air threw a lurid glare over the entire spot.

Hal was a good monte player; his father had learned it in his voyages to Cuba, for the Spaniards and Cubans are famous for their proficiency in all such games, and had in turn taught it to his family.

As we paused at the table, the heavy-whiskered desperado glanced at us from beneath his shaggy brows, and I thought I beheld a sudden furtive gleam in his eye, that meant mischief for both of us.

"Who'll try thar luck next?" said he, in a heavy, gruff voice, that sounded like the distant musterings of a storm—a splendid diapason bass.

The group, composed of about a dozen, did not seem inclined to indulge any further in the play, all of which had heretofore only served to swell the piles upon the red chintz.

"Come, boys," continued the fellow; "faint heart never wins a fair lady, ye know. Hyar's sev'ral piles o' yaller-boys a waitin' for yer pockets. Say, stranger, won't ye try yer luck? Kiver these fifty dollars, hay?"

This last remark was addressed to Hal, who instantly replied, in a nonchalant voice:—

"Fifty green cheese! Where do you s'pose a poor devil like me could raise half that sum? Say ten dollars now, and I don't mind."

"Small pertaters, hay?" sneered the bully, who was a little nettled at Hal's complete *sang-froid*. "Ten dollars hain't wuth countin', skeerce. But, as trade's gittin' a leetle dull, we'll try ye on ten, ef ye sez so."

"All right. Proceed," replied Hal.

The cards were cut, and the game was quickly played—the golden eagle going to increase the piles on the chintz.

"He, he!" laughed the whiskerando. "Got any more ten spots handy?"

"Strapped," replied Hal," with a suggestive shrug, "unless you will put up fifty dollars against my di-mond ring."

"Humph! the ring's too small for me," growled the bully.

"But not for me, Tom Landers," interrupted his companion, the crafty, smooth-tongued Mexican. "Carajo! I will play for it, if you please."

"Crack ahead, then!" growled the brutal Tom Landers. "I don't play fur no sech gew-gaws as that. If you want to do it, Senor Guaymas I hain't nuthin' ter say."

The ring, with a cluster of several diamonds, was really a valuable one. It had been presented to Hal's father years before by a rich Cuban planter, and the dazzling brightness of the precious stones had stirred up the avarice of the Mexican gambler.

The diamond ring and fifty dollars were put up.

The cards were cut, the game played swiftly.

My chum was the winner!

"Stop now, Hal," said I. "Let's go."

"Carissima!" exclaimed Senor Guaymas, with a most seductive smile, "surely you will not leave fortune just as she comes to you. There is more gold to be won."

"Certainly," answered Hal, with a merry laugh; "we've found a rich gold mine. Let us work it."

Fifty dollars against fifty dollars.

Again Hal is the winner. His blood is rising. I see the flush on his cheek, and know that the excitement which ever attends gaming is thrilling his nerves.

"Cover my hundred, eh?" he demanded.

"Of course," was the reply.

Another quick game. Astounding luck! Hal sweeps the board.

"Blarst ye!" growled Tom Landers, getting up and displaying his mammoth proportions. "This hyar's got ter be stopped."

Then the two monte-dealers held a short consultation; they were both getting nervous. Two hundred dollars lost in twenty minutes!

The crowd gradually increased; they knew these two bankers to be a precious pair of knaves—knaves who fleeced their victims by the dozen hourly. They are seldom beaten; yet the youth scarcely out of his teens is winning their gold rapidly.

There is sport ahead, reasons the crowd.

"Cover my two hundred?" asked Hal, lighting a fresh cigar as he spoke.

Senor Guaymas and Tom Landers were still consulting. Two hundred dollars was all they had left. They hesitated to accept the risk. If they should lose, the bank was broken; if they declined to play they stood no chance to recover what had already been lost. They answered:—

"We cover the two hundred."

The excitement grew as the game progressed. A yell from the crowd announced the result.

"The bank is broken!"

The crowd spoke the truth, for my chum was the possessor of four hundred in gold. There was not a quarter eagle left upon the table. I was amazed.

The two gamblers looked at each other; Tom Lander's face was in a tempest of passion, and his eyes shot broadsides of fury over the chintz table; the Mexican was mad as a hornet, but too politic to show it.

"Cover my four hundred?"

How tantalizingly Hal asked that! It stung Senor Guaymas to the quick, for I saw his lip quiver, and his eye snap. It was the last hair that broke the camel's back. He whirled suddenly about with an expression of malice upon his thin, sallow features, that I never saw equalled.

I regretted now that Hal had pushed matters so far; these Mexicans are so passionate, and so vindictive. A street fight was by no means desirable, especially with such characters as these gamblers. It does not take much on the frontier to bring blows and blood.

Suddenly Senor Guaymas decided; he thrust his hand into an inner breast pocket. I had seen such motions before; the wretch was about to draw a pistol upon my chum; so I placed my revolver in such a position that I could use it on the instant, and watched the Mexican.

My suspicions were at fault; I did the rascal injustice. He drew out his hand and placed a diamond-studded brooch upon the table. It was superb; a splendid ladies' pin, the like of which is seldom seen.

"That brooch is worth double your pile," said the Mexican, glancing warily over the crowd. "Will you cover it? I warrant it genuine."

"More jewelry!" laughed Hal. "Certainly, I'll cover it."

The game went on and terrible fatality! The banker lost and the diamond brooch was my friend's.

"El demonio what accursed luck!" hissed the Mexican between his tightly compressed lips, as his face grew livid.

"Cover the whole pile now, gold, watch, ring and brooch?" continued Hal, with frigid coolness.

"No, curse you," roared the banker, no longer able to control his feelings. "I've nothing left. You've ruined me!"

My chum bit off the end of his cigar and threw it away. Then I saw a peculiar twinkle in his eye. He leaned over the table and said:—

"I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?"

"*Play for scalps.*"

The Mexican started back aghast. Then his black eyes gleamed balefully and in a frenzied tone he said,

"Done, by all the saints!"

"No, no!" I interposed, laying my hand on my chum's shoulder. "For heaven's sake, stop! this has gone far enough already. Don't carry it farther."

I was horrified at the proposition, and dreaded the bloody scene that was certain to follow. Hal was in no mood to listen to my objections, but pushed away my hand rather unceremoniously and replied,

"Humph! we must finish the contest in good style. If the scoundrel wants my scalp, he's welcome to get it. I'm sure I can lift his with marvellous grace. Down with the cards old yellow belly."

The excitement was at white heat; the crowd, which had increased to a full score, jostled and swayed to and fro in a tremor of expectation.

Senor Guaymas was livid and ghastly; he threw down the cards, which were hastily cut, and the game proceeded. All held their breaths and strained their eyes.

"Carajo! lost, lost!" groaned the unfortunate Mexican, striving to steady himself at the table, as the crowd yelled and jeered at his terrible luck. "Satanas take you and your tricks! You are in league with the evil one. I am undone; take the stakes."

"No, by hokey! nothin' o' that sort hyar," roared Tom Landers, in a voice like a bull. "My partner hain't a goin' ter be scalped by no sech leetle wiffet as yon puppy. I allus stands by my friends, an' I'm not goin' ter play false to 'em now."

The bully pushed forward and drew his mammoth proportions up to their full height; his face was red with anger and strong whiskey. The crowd drew back a little, apparently awed somewhat by the defiant and formidable aspect of the furious desperado.

Hal leaped square upon the table and glanced over the crowd. He saw a score of excited faces upturned; he saw the gleam of forty flashing eyes; he heard the mutterings of passion.

"Say, men!" he cried, in a clear, calm voice. "You have watched this game. Did I win it fairly?"

"Yes, yes!" yelled the crowd.

"Is the Mexican's scalp fairly mine?"

"Yours, yours!" roared a score of throats.

"Then, by St. Paul! I'll have it!" said my chum, drawing his formidable bowie. "Down with your head on this table, old Guaymas."

The Mexican grew pale, and his knees smote together; he presented an aspect of mute terror that was appalling; he stood rooted to the ground.

Click! came the cocking of a revolver. Tom Landers had drawn his six-shooter and thrust it towards Hal. Hal did not flinch a particle, but held his knife in his right hand, and eyed the bully. I leaped upon the table, holding my Colt ready with finger on the trigger, and stood by my chum's side.

"Shoot if you dare, you cowardly cut-throat?" I said, with as much coolness as I could command. "It will be your last shot."

There was a rustling in the crowd, and the next instant a tall, slab-sided trapper, carrying in his hands an enormous rifle, emerged from the crowd, and confronted the glowering Tom Landers. The trapper threw his rifle to a level, and drew a bead upon the bully.

"Tom Landers," said he, in a gruff voice, "if ye don't put up that leetle shootin' iron, I'll put the contents o' old black Bess through yer noddle quicker'n greased lightnin' 'd kill a b'ar. The boy has won the scalp, an' if thar's any virtue in my muscle he'll hev it too."

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137 William street, N. Y.

SKATING.

THE SPORT IN AND AROUND GOTHAM.—Another week of hilarious, healthful enjoyment has been vouchsafed those of the dwellers in this wilderness of brick, mortar, brownstone and marble, who derive pleasure from the exhilarating pastime of whirling, skimming and twisting over the glistening, congealed surface of our various skating parks, where mirth and jollity have ruled the hour from early morn until midnight, and carnivals and skating contests have been the order of the day and the attraction of the evening. The Central Park ponds have been continuously crowded by a boisterous, homogeneous mass, while, of the private ponds, McMillan's, at 46th street, has received the largest share of the public patronage, owing to its being so much further down town than the others, as well as to the energy displayed in its management; Mitchell's, the headquarters of the New York Club, who are ever presenting extra attractions, was also largely attended; while Major Oatman's, except on Friday afternoon and evening, when a fancy dress carnival was on the carpet, was left out in the cold with a vengeance, the pond being poorly lighted, the ice, although in fine condition, almost deserted, and the attendants and skate-boys lolling about the stoves bewailing their ill fortune. The display of a little more enterprise by the proprietor would, we think, create a change for the better—there's nothing inviting about the spot at present after dark. The weather, as we go to press, has moderated considerably, and appearances indicate the approach of a storm, which may put an end to the sport for a few days.

PROSPECT PARK POND.—This new Brooklyn pond was opened on the 11th inst., and during all last week was well patronized by the lads and lassies of the City of Spires.

THE LADIES' MATCH AT MITCHELL'S.—The match for a handsome model of a working boot and skate, suspended from a gold plate, with the "grapevine twist" engraved upon it, between Misses Bedell and Powell, attracted a large attendance to Mitchell's pond on the 16th inst. Not possessing an equal knowledge of the club programme, Miss Powell lost by a score of 23 to 20.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The third of the series of matches for the championship, between Frank Swift and E. T. Goodrich, is to be skated, weather permitting, at the Central Park, Chicago, this week. Next week they compete again in Pittsburgh.

DODGE BEATS HOWARD.—The skating match for a gold medal and the championship of Long Island, between C. V. Dodge and Al. Howard, was decided, in accordance with the New York Club rules, at the Capitoline Park, Brooklyn, on the 17th inst., and was won by Mr. Dodge.

POSTPONED.—Owing to the lowering weather the gentlemen's skating match for three prizes—a model of a working boot and miniature skates, and two pair of fine skates—at Mitchell's pond, has been postponed until some pleasant day during the week. A. Helger, Jr., the one-legged skater; Palm Johnson, James Mead and J. E. Hollen have entered their names.

"THE SKATORIAL QUEEN," Carrie A. Moore, is having a brilliant engagement at the Harrison Skating Park, Philadelphia, and has created a great sensation there with her wonderful movements. Her Zouave Drill, which she performs while skating, takes immensely, and she seems to handle her eleven pound musket as easy as a gentleman does his walking cane. The Philadelphians have set her down as some on skates.

THE PROPOSED LONG DISTANCE MATCH.—The meeting for the arrangement of preliminaries in the proposed match between Tim Donoghue, of Newburgh, and Selleck S Scofield, of this city, to skate from ten to one hundred miles, for $500 or $1,000 a side, is to take place at the CLIPPER office on Wednesday, 22d inst., instead of the 15th, as was inadvertently stated in our last issue. Donoghue called upon us on the 15th inst. and deposited the sum of $50 as an earnest of his intentions, regretting that he could not perfect arrangements at once, which he endeavored to do by calling upon Scofield, but, for some reason, the latter declined to do so until the date above-mentioned. As neither party has mentioned any particular hour for meeting, we, in order to obviate inconvenience or delay, will take the liberty of appointing three o'clock P. M., on the 22d inst. In case they do not come to terms, Donoghue is open to skate any man in the country from one mile upwards for $500 or $1,000 a side. Although we have had numerous trials between experts, whose specialty is fancy skating, it is rare indeed that a contest wherein speed is the trump card has taken place, and this fact, combined with the reputation of the contestants, would tend to excite much interest in such an encounter, and we hope that no difficulty may be experienced in arriving at a satisfactory understanding.

Grand Skating Tournament

AT THE KEYSTONE SKATING RINK,
ALLEGHENY CITY, PA.,
COMMENCING TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1868.
OVER $10,000 IN PRIZES!

In addition to Local Contests, the following Prizes will be competed for:—

A GOLD MEDAL SET WITH DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES—VALUE, $500,

(The gift of Messrs. Hervey and Johnson, Builders of Hervey's Patent Skating Rinks,) and the title of Champion of America, to be held against all competitors (challenging according to the Rules of the Skating Congress,) and to become the absolute property of the party holding it successfully for two seasons. The skater scoring the second highest number of points will receive

$100 IN CASH.

In view of the numbers claiming the titles of "Champion Skater," "Skatorial King," &c., &c., Messrs. Hervey and Johnson desire to inaugurate a series of contests among the most expert skaters of the United States and Canada, and to that end we offer the above prize, the great intrinsic value of which, added to the honor of being acknowledged by all as THE CHAMPION, will, they hope, bring together all the best skaters on this continent.

Skating Clubs are requested to send each two delegates, to form, (with the skaters) a Skating Congress, to frame rules to govern this and future contests for the Championship. This Congress will assembled at the Keystone Rink, at noon, on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD.

A pair of NEW YORK CLUB SKATES plated with silver, with the name of the winner engraved thereon, and ornamented with gold, together with $100 in cash, for the best Lady Skater, the Lady scoring the second-highest number of points will receive $50 in cash.

A SWEEPSTAKE HURDLE RACE of $5 each, with $25 added, 5 times around the Rink, 2 Hurdles in each round. These prizes are open to all comers; no entrance fee.

In fancy skating, grace as well as figures will be considered.

For further particulars or information, apply to

R. G. HERVEY,
General Manager,
Keystone Skating Rink,
42-2t Allegheny City, Pa.

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THEATRICAL
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MANAGERS supplied with Talent on Short Notice. Engagements always open for ladies and gentlemen. NO NOTICE TAKEN OF LETTERS IN WHICH STAMPS ARE NOT ENCLOSED AND SALARIES STATED. OFFICE CORNER ELM AND SIXTH STS., UNDER CLIFTON HOUSE. 44-1t*

WANTED.--First Class Talent for Hutchinson's GREAT WORLD CIRCUS. DAVIS & CO.,
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WANTED.--A Good Female Impersonator and BURLESQUE PRIMA DONNA. DAVIS & CO.,
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WANTED.--Lady Vocalists for the New Varie- TIES, OMAHA. Salaries from $25 to $40 per week. Fares advanced from Cincinnati. Engagements open at all times.
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TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
A BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA
Of ten Performers desire an engagement for the coming season. For further particulars and terms address
PROF. J. H. COLES, Geneva, N. Y.
January 14th, 1868. 42-2t*

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BLINKS AND JINKS, THE ARRIVAL OF DICKENS, THE DEAD ALIVE, and THE MAN FISH. The above Sketches are new and have been produced at Pastor's and Hooley's Opera House with immense success; price $6. Can be had, with any of the old ones, by applying to
LEAVITT, WILD & EAGAN,
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LOTTA, LOTTA,
THE LAUGHING SUNSHINE,
WILL BE HERE ON JANUARY 27. 42-1t*

IMPORTANT TO SHOWMEN.
By calling on the undersigned you will save from 10 to 15 per cent. I have had 14 years experience as foreman for the late Henry Dougherty, and will furnish Circus Canvases cheaper than any party in the business. Side shows made at the shortest notice. HENRY SPARKS,
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BY A FIRST CLASS STAGE CARPENTER. Inquire of
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1 A-1 Song and Dance Man; also 2 Lady Vocalists, for a Variety show. Address with programme,
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M. C. SEXTON'S celebrated ORCHESTRA and BRASS BAND, now traveling with the Broadway Theatre through the State of New York, can be engaged for the ensuing season by responsible parties. This Band is acknowledged by both press and public to be far superior to any that has been on the path since the days of the lamented Kendall. Circus and Menagerie Managers wishing to negotiate for the services of PROF. SEXTON'S Band for the coming season will apply either in person or by letter to his only authorized agents,
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having sailed in the City of Paris en route for London on the 7th of December, where he is engaged for a limited number of nights, will return in time for the tenting season of 1868.
All business should be addressed to his only authorized business agents.
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Also, Forty Ladies for the Corps de Ballet, for a new Grand Spectacle now in Active Preparation. Engagements for the Season.
FIRST CLASS ARTISTS IN ALL BRANCHES
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NOTICE.---THE GREAT JOHN HENRY AND Madlle. Emilie Henrietta, the world renowned artists, having concluded the most successful Equestrian engagement on record at the New York Circus, open at Cooke's Circus, Philadelphia, Thursday, January 23d. 42-1t*

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WANTED—By an experienced actor, the position of instructor in a first class Amateur Association, to give them a thorough knowledge of the Stage Business. No objection to going out of the city. Terms reasonable. Address G. T., Clipper Office. 42-1t*

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TWO RESPECTABLE YOUNG LADIES, rather good looking and smart, wish to procure a situation as waiting maids with some respectable family intending to travel. For other particulars, address
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ATTENTION! What is neater than a smooth face and arm? PROF. RISSER'S INFALLIBLE DEPILIATOR removes all superfluous hair without injury to the skin. Over 30,000 persons of both sexes have used it with success. Sent on receipt of 50 cents. Address PROF. RISSER,
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GAME FOWL.—Imported by a gentleman while on a visit to the Exposition Universale.—One game cock and four hens of the very desirable LORD DERBY BREED. Will be disposed of at a bargain, as the owner cannot spare time to attend properly to the stock, nor has he the necessary room required for the breeding of such. Also a superior lot of ENGLISH GAFFS, of different sizes, for sale cheap. Address
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PATSY MAGINN.

An Irish Story of Modern Times.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Fair, honest and faithful was Patsy Maginn,
He came from old Ireland—and that's not a sin—
He lived out his boyhood away off at Cork,
But passed his majority here in New York.
By long-lasting work he had saved up a sum
To enable his folks to this country to come,
And, when they were settled far out at the West,
Why Patsy was easy, his mind was at rest.

All this that I've told happened long years ago,
Ere the South had rose up—an implacable foe—
In the time when sweet Peace had grown fat, fair and florid,
And bore as a shield *all* the stars on her forehead;
But one April morning the old flag was furled,
The South fired a shot that was heard round the world.
And Sumter's small garrison, trampled and crushed,
Surrendered at last—and Liberty blushed.
But, mind ye, it took a short time, at the most,
To gather together a soldier-like host,
And quick at the word and ahead of them all
The bold Sixty-Ninth made response to the call.

An Irishman's ardor is seldom repressed;
An Irishman's faithfulness challenges test;
An Irishman's hatred of tyrants and wrong
Has long been the subject of story and song.
But whether he's wrong or whether he's right,
An Irishman's love is a neat little fight.

No sooner was Patsy informed of the trouble
Than the blood in his veins began quickly to bubble;
"Bad luck to the spalpeens who seek to degrade
The noble young land that George Washington made!
Bad luck to the coves who would fight for their slaves,
May the devil make fodder of each of the knaves!"
So spake our good Patsy, then quickly he went
To put down his name in the bold regiment.

Ah! gay was the day, when, with banners unspread,
They marched down Broadway—brave Corcoran ahead—
And loud were the cheers that went up on the air,
And bright were the hopes concentrated there.
They married that day our flag to the green!
And yet, some wet eyes looked out on the scene;
For, spite of their love for "the red, white and blue,"
Their fears, like grim spectres, unwittingly grew,
And Death, the Great Warrior, rose to their view.

Hard eating it was—the salt horse and tack—
And heavy the knapsack that slung to the back,
And long were the marches and dreary the way
Through Virginia's mud and Maryland's clay.
But merrily singing some patriot tune,
In the glare of the sun or the light of the moon,
The Irish Brigade its green laurels won
And marched all the way to the field of Bull Run.

You know how the rifles rang sharp on the air,
How the cannon's hoarse throat drowned the bugle's long blare,
How the powder's red breath on the soldiers did glare
When Hope yielded place to the Demon Despair,
And a rabble of rebels won victory there!
You know it, I say, and you know just as well
How, louder than screeches of shrapnell or shell,
Arose the grand cheers in the gallantest style
Of the patriot boys of the Emerald Isle.
With bravery stainless and love of the fray,
They fought through the calm of that clear Sabbath day;
And no man a better position did win
Than was gained by our hero—brave Patsy Maginn.

Old England laughed loud; the Republic was ended—
We had wakened—she said—from a dream that was splendid,
And found that the only resource that could bring
A peace to the land was a tyrant or king.
Old England laughed loud: but when did she fail
To laugh if Unrighteousness balanced the scale?
Old England laughed loud: but she stopped not to think
That peasants have thoughts which don't end in ink!
She laughed: but the red which betokens her pride
In the blood of her heart shall be yet double-dyed!
And fresh from the seed Time flings when he flies,
Old Ireland, redeemed, in her glory shall rise.

We ran from the field in the wildest disorder—
On a panic our flight did decidedly border—
But ahead of the army, and best in leg-muscle,
Came panting and pallid the *London Times* Russell,
And when he reached Washington, sweaty but wise,
He wrote home a sketch that was brimful of lies.
Now after the soldiers had fled from the field—
Which want of experience forced them to yield—
With a wound in his side, but a true Celtic grin,
There came limping, at last, our friend Patsy Maginn.

Ah! long were the days that he suffered the pain
In the hospital-ward, but he didn't complain:
And there were some women who bent o'er his bed—
(He saw the self-same close the eyes of the dead
And seek by sweet words the faint hopes to rally
Of those who were nigh to the Shadow and Valley)—
They brought to poor Patsy such comfort and cheer
As made the rough rifle-shot easy to bear.
They seemed like good angels who blessed the red ground
That death and destruction were compassing round.

But Patsy got well, and was gay as a lark;
"Be jabers," he said, "they have made me a mark."
They've won as I'll own the first part of the fight,
But by the Good Virgin we'll set this thing right.
And blast ye! I'll hit some Secesh in the back,
For they'll show that same feature to Paddy, o'whack!

Then bravely fought Patsy for four dreadful years,
Through the tempest of blood and the harvest of tears;
He fought till white Peace her fair banner unfurled,
And Liberty laughed in the face of the world.
He fought till the rebels had given it up,
And then, faith! he scorned to press Sorrow's cup
To the lips of the South, and growing more frisky
He asked a poor "Johnny" to swallow some whisky.
The "Johnny" took fully "three fingers," they say,
And blest General Grant and old Patsy that day,
And said: (may his words our great victory crown)
"The North wouldn't strike at a foe that is down."

But the war being over, brave Patsy Maginn,
Like Aleck the Great, wanted new worlds to win;
And looking around (and indeed without that)
He found that more crooked than any cocked hat
Was Ireland's condition, then straightway he made
A resolve that he'd fight with the Fenian Brigade.

The Fenians—bless 'em—they're honest and strong,
But they've sometimes had leaders faint-hearted and wrong,
Who would sell out to Britain for less of her gold
Than would purchase the pottage of Esau of old!
Who would give up the musket and throw down the lance,
And curse their own souls for a house-rent in France!
Such fellows there were; thank God, they were few!
You know them by name. But the men who were true,
Who were willing to lay down their lives at the altar,
And to dare the defiance of gibbet and halter:
Who would boldly stand up in the prisoner's dock,
And hear their death-sentence unmoved as a rock:
Who would wander whole days through mountain and glen
To get just one crack at the red-coated men:
Who would give their hard earnings to help on the cause
Which sought a redress from the barbarous laws:
Who are found in all hamlets, each town, every region—
You can't number *them*—for their number is legion.

Pat passed Sandy Hook on a fine autumn morning,
Quite heedless, indeed, of all caution and warning.
He stood on the deck of a Liverpool boat,
And bore in his pocket a very small note
Which remarked that the bearer assistance could lend,
That his name was Maginn, and that he was a friend.
'Twas simple enough, but the sequel will show
That very big oaks from small acorns may grow.
They anchored at Queenstown, and Pat got ashore
On the sod that he'd left twenty-five years before.
With tears in his eyes he uplifted his hand,
And asked the Lord's help for his down-trodden land.

He hadn't yet reached a hotel that was near
Ere some hang-dog policemen, who thought he look'd queer,
Nabbed Patsy. His words were of little avail—
They gave him that night free lodgings in jail,
And there in his coat they discovered the note,
'Twas the essence of Treason, they swore in their throat.
Then, searching his luggage, they found, on my word,
An officer's cap, a revolver and sword.
Ah, yes! and that sword, in the four dreary years,
In the tempest of blood and the harvest of tears,
Had hewn for its owner in battle's red flame
A niche in the patriot's temple of fame!

For many long months they kept Patsy confined,
To let, I suppose, the judge make up his mind
On his guilt or his innocence; then they made way
For his trial in court on a cold winter day.
A witness was called; he knew by Pat's hair
That this was the man who shot Benjamin Glare.
Who Benjamin was did'nt squarely appear.
Another deponent was equally clear
That he'd seen this Maginn on a heath late at night,
Teaching Fenian recruits how to march and to fight.
Another—God help him—an Irishman 'twas
(Of the Twelve there was one who was false to the cause,)
Made oath that 'twas Patsy who first broke the quiet,
And started the crowd at the Manchester riot.
And yet they knew well that all of this time
He had lain in the jail on *suspicion* of crime.
At last they brought in the revolver and sword
Which, during the while had been carefully stored.
Each juryman gazed on the pistol's bright barrels,
Which seemed to reflect any number of quarrels;
And then on the sword, on it's sheath and it's hilt,
And these (*with five pounds*) made them sure of Pat's guilt.

Then after the verdict brave Patsy arose
And said, in reply to the words of his foes,
"I love my old country; I'd willingly give
My neck to the hangman if she might but live,
But you've perjured yourselves, I am innocent quite,
I have been, but not here, in full many a fight,
And I claim an American citizen's right.

Such was his speech, complete to a word,
But he longingly looked at his rusty old sword,
And his face such a calm, brave expression it were
That it spoke a whole volume—and some chapters more!
Then the judges passed sentence on Patrick Maginn—
On the head of false England for aye be the sin—
An innocent man, because discord was rife,
Was sentenced by them to prison for life,
While Charles Francis Adams, our minister there,
Sat perfectly still in his elegant chair,
And said not a word for fear he'd offend
The great Lord Tomnoddy, his patron and friend.

Well, so let it be, but the time is to come
When the bugle's long blare and the roll of the drum,
And the rifle's sharp cries and the cannon's deep roar
Shall waken the echoes on Albion's shore.
When the poor patient peasants shall rise up and strike
For the home of their birth with the musket and pike;
Then beautiful Freedom shall greet with a smile
Her long tortured child, the old Emerald Isle;
When, soaring at last from the darkness of night,
It shall stand forth redeemed in a halo of light.

And when they have crumbled the prisoner's wall,
And the sunshine of Heaven glints over them all,
They'll find, long immured in a drearisome cell,
A man who has borne his harsh punishment well,
One who has a clear conscience and free from all sin,
And whose name—ah! you know it!—is Patsy Maginn.

A RACE AROUND CAPE HORN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Captain Tryon was a good man—one with a large heart, ever ready to sympathize with those in trouble, and to extend a helping hand.

Of course he was not perfect; like the rest of humanity he had contracted some bad habits. One of these was *betting*—a propensity which had always kept him a poor man, for the captain was seldom keen enough to bet on the right side. He was, however, somewhat dogmatic upon this subject, and in spite of his ill fortune would always insist on betting against the advice of his friends, for in his own opinion he had a very discriminating eye, and could see the good points of a horse, a cow, a dog, or a fighting cock, with lightning rapidity. Poor captain! he was in reality but little versed in such matters, and only staked his money to lose it.

When twenty-five years of age, the captain concluded to look up a wife. He was one morning speaking upon this subject with a seafaring friend—a dark, slim looking man of thirty, named Tom Cleeves, when the latter mentioned a Captain Thomas' daughter as a very pretty girl, and one whom he thought would make an excellent wife.

"I intend to step in there, however," said Cleeves, winking, "so you may as well look somewhere else."

"Are you acquainted with the girl?"

"Only by sight," was the reply. "But I soon shall know her better."

"I have heard of her and seen her," replied Tryon. "I like her looks, and think I shall also try for her."

"She won't like *you*," said Cleeves, "I'll bet you a hundred she won't."

"Done!" exclaimed Tryon, taking out his pocket book. "I bet you in less than two months she will agree to be my wife!"

The stakes were put in the hands of a friend, and both men at once commenced a vigorous assault upon the heart of sweet Fanny Thomas.

Tryon's black whiskers and bright eyes were victorious. He "killed two birds with one stone"—won the girl in less than the stipulated period, besides a cool hundred.

Cleeves was much disappointed. He took a drink with Tryon, however, and laughingly declared that he would be even with him yet.

A few years after Tryon's marriage with Fanny, whom he tenderly loved, a couple of bright-eyed children graced his hearth. The father, having by this time spent what little money he had in the bank, concluded to go to sea for more. He did so, going out in command of a steamer, which was lost off Cape Hatteras. By dint of great coolness, skill and courage, the skipper saved the lives of all his passengers, who subsequently, by joint contribution, purchased a fine clipper ship, which they presented to the happy Tryon.

Now, having a vessel of his own, the captain concluded to make a trip to the Indies, taking with him his wife and children, who he thought would be benefitted by the voyage.

On the eve of sailing he met his friend, Captain Tom Cleeves, in a well-known drinking saloon. Cleeves was to sail for California in a few days in command of his vessel, the Hermione, a fine craft, and he begged his friend to wait for him, when both might leave port in company.

"The fact is," continued Cleeves, "I would like to make a bet with you."

"Go ahead," said Tryon, "I'm ready."

"Well, then, I would like to bet you *my craft against yours*, the Petrel, that I will be the first at Sydney, the port where we are both to touch before proceeding to the Indies."

Tryon hesitated. His ship was pretty much all the property he had in the world, and if he lost it, to what miserable poverty would Fanny and he be reduced? Still, the pride and confidence of a seaman in the sailing qualities of his own ship made the young husband's eyes flash.

"You hesitate," said Cleeves, sneering; "you are afraid."

"*No, by ——!*" cried Tryon, striking the table with his clenched fist, "no man shall ever say *that* of me! I close with you!"

At this the face of Cleeves beamed with dark triumph; his frame seemed to enlarge, his lip curled, his eyes flashed like hot coals, his face was almost satanic in its expression.

"You consent?" he said, in a hollow voice.

"Ay, ay, I consent to a fair and square race—the stakes to be our two ships!"

"It is well," answered Cleeves, and he grasped the captain's hand without looking him in the eyes.

As Tryon gazed upon that dark, worn face, thinned by dissipation, and noticed the sinister smile around the mouth, he could not help thinking of what sailors said of Cleeves—that, although sociable and pleasant enough on shore, he was a tyrant and a bad man at sea—that there was no cruelty he would hesitate to practise upon those under him.

On the third morning after the bet the two vessels sailed. When outside of the Narrows, a mist screened both; but on the next morning Tryon saw the Hermione—standing along like himself—under a perfect cloud of canvass, about two points forward of the beam. The captain of the Petrel could not help remarking that the Hermione was passing him. He crowded more canvas, but in vain—the other craft kept steadily increasing the distance between the two.

Tryon sighed heavily and glanced round him, somewhat surprised, for in every respect the Petrel, with her sharp, clipper bow, curved run, and tall, tapering masts, was better fitted for speed than the other craft.

"My eyes!" exclaimed an old tar, throwing his quid, with a disappointed air, far to leeward, "I thought the Petrel was a swift-heeled craft, 'specially on the wind, whereas here we goes like a lump of lead."

Other remarks of a like nature were heard on all sides. Every person seemed surprised except a tall, lank individual named Simon Graves, the ship's carpenter. This man, whom Tryon had often noticed on shore in company with Cleeves, seemed to take everything that puzzled the rest as a matter of course. "The craft mayn't be good 'on a wind,'" said he, "but that don't show that she won't do her duty when we are running 'before it.'"

Before sundown the two ships were out of sight. Day after day passed—still Tryon vainly swept the sea with his glass, looking for the Hermione. In due course of time he arrived off stormy Cape Horn, by way of which it had been agreed that the two ships should enter the Pacific. One morning, just as Staten Land was sighted, a sudden heavy gale sprung up, driving the Petrel through the water upon her beam ends, with everything humming and cracking. At the same moment the cry of "sail O!" rang through the ship. While the men were busy clewing up and furling, the captain with his glass made out the Hermione. She was standing along about three points off the weather bow, under *whole topsails*, at the rate of eleven knots, with the water flying all around her in great sheets of driving spray. Soon she was far ahead of the Petrel, which now was under close reefed maintopsail and foretopmast staysail.

Captain Tryon, chafing like a lion, seized his trumpet, and ordered the fore and mizzen topsails set, although they had just been furled. He was obeyed, and plunging bows and windlass under, with great seas sweeping her fore and aft, the Petrel tore madly on through the boiling cauldron of waters.

"She will never stand this!" said the mate, anxiously watching the quivering, cracking topmasts.

Tryon pointed at the Hermione, booming along, still ahead, under whole topsails.

"If she can stand it, *we* can."

When night, with a moon shining through open spaces among the flying clouds, settled round the Petrel, the Hermione no longer was in sight! To be out-sailed in this way troubled Tryon very much, and when he sat down to supper, his wife did not fail to notice the cloud upon his brow.

Suddenly he started up, glaring upon the pretty Fanny and his two beautiful children. It *must* not be—it *should* not be; he would not lose the race! He would either win or perish in the attempt!

"Crack everything on the craft!" he roared, "whole topsails, topgallantsails, jibs and all! D'ye here, there?"

The mate stood like one stupified; he believed that the skipper was gone mad. Tryon, however, repeating the order, was obeyed, and soon the ship was plunging and rolling through the water in a way to appal all hands.

"My God, captain!" shrieked the mate, as a terrible crash was heard, and the mizzen topmast went by the board, "we can never stand this! We are all doomed if you persist!"

"Husband, dear husband!" pleaded Fanny, "what is the matter? For the sake of our little ones do nothing rash."

"Ay, ay," groaned Tryon, full of anguish; "it is no use, after all; there seems to be a spell upon the craft. She drags like a drowning bull; curse her—curse her, curse her, I say!"

"Why, what matters it?" inquired Fanny, winding her arms around his neck; "the ship goes fast enough—you are in no hurry."

He had never told her about the bet, and her innocence only increased his sorrow. He strained her to his bosom, and heaved a stifled sigh at the thought of his coming poverty—at the thought of losing his noble ship.

Before morning the gale abated, when the captain set his men to rigging a new mizzen-topmast.

Under all she could carry, the vessel went bowling along upon her course, and finally entered the harbor of Sydney, in which the Hermione had arrived three days previous, and now lay at anchor.

"I come to claim my due!" said Cleeves, who soon pulled aboard. "The ship is mine!"

"So you are willing to take her from under my very feet?" exclaimed Tryon.

"Well, no, I'll give you time," answered Cleves, "*reasonable* time."

A few moments after he returned to the Hermione. As he was leaving the Petrel, the carpenter, who had been very sick, came on deck.

Fanny and her children sat on the quarter deck, basking in the sunlight. The captain stood apart, haggard and worn, watching them with eyes full of anguish.

The carpenter seemed to reflect.

"Tryon has been good to me," he muttered, "but I feel that I have not long to live. I will tell him all before I die!"

Two days later Cleeves again came aboard, saying that he would now take possession of the Petrel.

"I have won it fairly," said he.

"Ay, I know you have," groaned Tryon.

"And *I know he has not!*" said a hollow voice.

The two men were in the cabin, and now glancing up, they beheld a skeleton figure—that of the sick carpenter—standing near the opening leading into the steerage.

"Simon!" shrieked Cleeves, beware!"

"No, I will speak!" answered Graves. "I will not be tongue-tied longer. Here is your gold—take it back!" And he threw a purse at Cleeves' feet.

"Captain Tryon," he continued, after a moment's pause, "I have to inform you that before we left New York, Cleeves bribed me to *fasten a drag to this craft under water* in order that he might win the race!"

"Thank God, then!" cried Tryon, "I have not lost, after all!"

As he spoke, the carpenter, too weak to stand longer, fell senseless while the discomfited Cleeves, coloring to the very roots of his hair, slunk away as fast as he could go.

The carpenter never regained his senses; when placed in his bunk he was a dead man. After his burial, Tryon lowered boats and fished for the drag, which he soon discovered. It was a large wooden vessel shaped like a box and with weights attached, secured by a rope to the rudder-post under water.

All hands at once perceived that but for this encumbrance the Petrel would have arrived at Sydney a fortnight or perhaps three weeks sooner than she did.

The news of the whole affair spread rapidly through the town; and so great was the indignation among the seafaring men then in port, that a gang of them caught Cleeves one evening, and having tarred and feathered him, threw him into the sea, compelling him to swim in this condition to his own vessel. On the next day he sailed for California, off which he was subsequently wrecked, losing half of his cargo.

Tryon still follows the sea; but having amassed a neat little sum, he talks of settling down with Fanny and the children in a gothic cottage built for him near the Bloomingdale Road.

A Jealous Wife Cured.

Sam J—— is a jolly, rollicking cuss, with a face always expanded by a smile, and a heart always warm with affectionate yearning for his pretty little wife. But Sam's jolly, free and easy disposition places him on the most friendly terms with all who know him, male and female, and the gushing warmth of his heart often displays itself in the most kindly demonstrations towards those whom he esteems.

Now Sam's wife, although pretty, and loving him wildly, is not of the same rollicking disposition as her husband, and cannot exactly understand how he can kiss the girls, as he frequently does, and hug them, too, and at the same time maintain for her that love which every husband owes his wife. Indeed, fight off the feeling as she would, the genius of jealousy took possession of her soul, and she led Sam, to use his own words, "an awful life." This "awful life" Sam endured as best he could, hoping soon to convince his wife of the injustice she did in suspecting him of infidelity to her

A few weeks ago, Sam's wife, of a sudden, took a notion to visit some relatives in Ohio; and after admonishing her husband to be more circumspect and prudent, departed on her journey, to remain absent about one month. Now Sam is decidedly opposed to sleeping alone, being a victim of horrible nightmare, and, withal, somewhat afraid of robbers. So he prevailed upon a young friend, Charley ——, to sleep with him each night. Charley, being an early riser, was always up and away of a morning before any one else about the house arose.

Sam had an old lady living about the house, and she was just as full of inquisitiveness as any other woman, and had not the most exalted estimate of Sam's married fidelity. But when making up the bed one morning she discovered head-marks upon two pillows instead of one, her suspicions took definite shape, and she was quite ready to swear that Sam's bed was occupied each night by a woman, as well as himself. Indeed, she would have sworn to it.

Well, she writes Sam's wife a letter, detailing her convictions, and arranging for her to come home immediately, and to arrive on the midnight train. Then to slip quietly home, and as quietly into her husband's room, and then—she would be convinced that her suspicions were not groundless.

This little programme was carried out beautifully. The old woman met the returning wife at the door, and said:—

"You are in time—she's here, the nasty thing—in bed with Sam—in your bed, too, the impudent hussy."

The wife became furious, but made no noise just then. Laying aside her bonnet, shawl, etc., she took a lamp, walked lightly to the door of her husband's room, listened, heard talking, began to scream and pound on the door, and brought Sam out of bed in a jiffy, and to the door, *en dishabille.*

The wife gave no answer to his wild inquiries as to what was the matter and what had brought her home so unexpectedly. She screamed out, "Oh, you villain! you scamp! I've caught you at last! You could not deceive me always. Ah, that vile woman, I'll kill her!"

Sam smelt a large sized mice. He appreciated the situation at once, and played his part in a masterly manner. "Well, my dear, you have fairly caught me, and I reckon I might as well confess and have done with it," Sam said, and turning to the bed he cried out—"Get up, Mary; it's all up with us for my wife has come, and she now knows all. Let's ask forgiveness, and promise to sleep together no more."

Then Charley's head darted out from under the cover, developing an immense pair of whiskers—for a woman—and he said:—"Take her away, Sam; I can't get up before her, for I have no clothes on but just my shirt." The jealous wife turned white, then spotted, then red. She read it all, in fact. Sam shrieked out the loudest, broadest guffaws, and the old lady, who had followed the wife up stairs, exclaimed:—'Did you ever?"

Sam and his wife retired to the parlor, while Charley dressed and soon went down. Explanations followed, mysteries were unraveled, a few tears, some jolly lip-smacking and the curtain dropped. Sam says his wife will never be jealous of him again—at least she so declares.

The Show Blower.

"Old Delph" has an abundant store of amusing stories connected with theatricals in California. He told the following:—It was Sunday morning when we arrived in Gold Hill, where we were to perform that night. The streets were crowded with honest miners and everything looked lively and promising. Our ticket-seller had been introduced to several corner groceries, and late in the evening was reported *sick* to Harry Brown, who was manager and leading actor of the company. Harry knew well what was the matter, and quietly observed, "Soak his head and put him to bed and he'll be well in the morning." "What shall we do for a man to sell tickets?" asked one of the company. "That's all right," replied Harry, "I'll get Harry Gilson." Now, Mr. Gilson, at that time a resident of Gold Hill, was a young man wonderfully endowed with the gift of the gab, and particularly fond of everything that promised fun and frolic. He readily consented to become our ticket-seller for the nonce, and when the time arrived to open, he had arranged table and tickets on the pavement beside the door, and was holding forth in a Cheap John's style to a vast crowd that had congregated around him. "Here you are, gentlemen, here you are. Who'll take another? Only one dollar apiece, and cheap at half the price, and remember, there's only a few more left. Walk up, gentlemen, and take your seats. Don't forget the Gyascutis will be exhibited to-night for the first time South of Mason and Dixon's line, with all the paraphernalia of his native element. All right, sir, how many? Thank you, sir. Cash takes two, and a few more left." We were crossing just behind the stage, and all of us could hear Gilson's excited language; it never ceased for more than a moment. "Just listen to that cuss," exclaimed Harry Brown, "hear him! Why, curse the fellow, he's trying to make the people believe we have a whole menagerie on exhibition." Gilson had concluded a glowing description of a pair of dancing elephants, with 'a few more left." "Come, hurry up, everybody," urged Brown, 'and let's commence before that infernal cuss gets us all murdered." In a few minutes we were all ready, and Brown rang the first bell. "Listen to that," shouted Gilson, "that's a signal for all hands on board, and hats off in front. If you miss first sight of the animals you lose half the fun! One dollar a piece; who'll take another? Sold, and a few more left." With a little impatient oath, Brown rang the bell again and up went the curtain, and immediately after he entered as the dashing Ruy Gomez, in the play of "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady." The Hall door was wide open, consequently the crowd in the street had a distinct view of the stage, and before Brown—the Ruy Gomez—had uttered a word, the assiduous Gilson was ready with another volley. "Ah, ha!" he shouted, in a tone of admiration. "Look at that! Behold that fellow and weep! Twig his legs; they're worth the price of admission twice told. There's a man who travels on his shape, and has money enough to buy a quartz mill. Count the spangles on his breast, all gold, and a few more left! Who'll take another!" For a moment Brown was completely nonplussed, but a loud yell from the audience partly restored him, and with a terrible grimace, he roared out, "Shut that d—d door!" "Certainly, Mr. Brown, responded the obliging Gilson, "you're right—outsiders have no right to see the caged wonders of the arena without a ticket. A few more left, who'll take another!" The house was crowded, but it was Harry Gilson's last night as ticket-seller.

Potatoes and Progeny.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her "Sketches of Irish Character," relates the following amusing anecdote. It is all about a certain Lady Middleton, who, contrary to her most anxious wish, was unblessed with any children. After an absence of several years with her liege lord in England she returned with him to reside for a time on one of their Irish estates. As the carriage drove up to the mansion, she noticed several fine looking children about the gate, and having learned that their mother was the wife of the gate porter, she determined to interrogate her relative to the cause of her fecundity; she, therefore, next day, made her way down to the porter's lodge, and commenced her inquiries:—

"Whose children are these, my good woman?"

"All my own, my good lady."

"What! *three* infants of the same age?"

"Yes, my lady; I had three the last time."

"How long are you married?"

"Three years, your ladyship."

"And how many children have you?"

"*Seven!* my lady."

At last came the question of questions—how she came to have the children? The poor woman not well knowing what this catechism meant, and not knowing how to wrap up in delicate words her idea of cause and effect, blushed and grew confused, and at last replied—"I think it must be the potatoes, my lady."

This unfolded a theory of population quite new to Lady Middleton, who eagerly demanded: 'The potatoes! Do you eat much of them?"

"Oh, yes, my lady. Very seldom we have bread, and so we take potatoes the year round."

Greatly agitated with her new information, the lady further asked—"And where do you get the potatoes?"

"We grows them in our little garden, sure. Pat tills it."

"Well," said Lady Middleton, "send me up a cart load of these potatoes and the steward will pay you for them."

Shortly after her ladyship rose to leave the house, and, indeed, had left it, when the woman ran after her, and blushing, with some hesitation asked her, "And sure my lady, is it to have children that you want potatoes?"

It was now the lady's turn to blush, and replying in the affirmative—"Because," added the woman, "I am thinking, if it is, Pat had better fetch them to you himself."

Big Scare by a Big Bear.—On the afternoon of the 9th inst., says a Lancaster paper, considerable excitement was created in North Queen street, by the appearance on that thronged thoroughfare of a wild bear. The animal, it appears, was brought to this city a few days since and quartered in the stable of the Merrimac House. Yesterday, a colored boy was teasing the bear, when he broke the rope by which he was secured. The boy started on a rapid run, the bear after him, both intent, apparently, on getting out of harm's way. The bear finally emerged into North Queen street, and his appearance created as much consternation among the pedestrians as a hundred-pound shell would have if seen rolling along the street. Everybody gave him a very wide berth, seeking protection in stores and houses. The bear seemed as much frightened as the people. The scare was mutual. A large crowd collected, and after a chase of several squares, his bearship was finally secured in a yard in Duke street, and restored to his quarters. He is but a cub yet, probably not over six months old, and of a very docile disposition. It is yet an open question, which was frightened the most, the people or the bear.

THE "THREE CARD MONTE" GENTRY.

Modus Operandi of their "Performances."

A writer in one of the London sporting journals thus graphically describes the species of gambling to be almost invariably found on race tracks, both in the Old Country and the New, and as it is equally as applicable to people on this as on the other side of the Atlantic, we think ourselves warranted in giving the article publicity:—

"Turn him out!" cried the audience at a circus, referring to a turbulent toper.

"No," said the clown, looking towards him, "don't turn *him* out, but turn the rum out of him!"

The clown's theory was good, but, like many other theories, somewhat impracticable; the same kind of theory, however, applied to some other matters might be put into pretty general practice, and would prove in the end a sounder philosophy than that which advocates a wholesale "turning out."

The Turf (which term is meant to include everything that pertains to the national pastime) is decried, tabooed, preached against more than many a less harmless species of amusement and recreation that could be named; it has an odium attached to it of the bitterest character. The profession of a racing man is by many accounted dishonorable; the very mention of a horse race makes strait-laced people shudder, and the journey to the race course is considered by not only ultra-pious people, but by a great number of sensible, conscientious persons, as the shortest road to ruin, to infamy, to destruction!—in short, to the —? Why? Because there has always been connected with the turf, or, to speak more correctly, *attached* to it a gang of knaves, blackguards, swindlers and scamps, who can find a refuge nowhere else but on the race ground, and who are "wanted" every where but there! There is a deplorable immunity granted in racing assemblages to the veriest scum of the earth to the most palpably disreputable characters.

It remains to be proved, therefore, whether the Clown's idea would sound quite so unreasonable and ridiculous if brought to bear upon the question of the Turf. It is true that we cannot turn the rum out of a man in order to render him quiet and inoffensive; but would it be quite so impossible, in order to purify the Turf and give to its tarnished name a true lustre of manliness and integrity, to purge it of its scoundrels, and to sweep away from it those sneaks and vagabonds who have no more to do with it than the mud has to do with the boots it bespatters?

Of all the rascals of this vampyre type, none is more conspicuous and none so successful as he of the "three-card" trick. A rascal he is in aspect as in practice—not ill-drdssed generally, and sometimes even pretending to elegance of exterior, but invariably of such a villainously chiseled face that the very mongrel might bark at as something ill-bred; so cunning and impudent, so gnarled and seared with all the lowest vices, that each feature contributes a letter to engrave the word "Rascal" on its surface of brass.

Let us watch his proceedings for a while, and mark the roaring trade he does with such small pretentions as three common playing cards, of which the two are pipped and the other is a picture card.

It is generally in the railway carriage on the journey down that this rogue commences business. Simultaneously with the guard's whistle the Sharp folds a great coat or macintosh on his knees, and places thereon his three cards with their backs upward. Taking them up one by one in his paws, and showing their faces, he addresses his dupes somewhat after this fashion—"Now, gentlemen, I want to introduce to your notice a little game of speculation. You see here three cards—the one is a picture card, and the two others are not. Now, I will hide this picture card, which you see (holding it up) between the other two, and will lay any gentleman a crown or half sovereign, or a sovereign, that he does not pick it up. Will any gentleman bet a crown?" At the first time of asking there is generally no response, so he proceeds again to throw the cards about with their faces downwards, except now and then to show you that the picture card is still there, and when he has gone through this preliminary business he repeats his question whether any gentleman would lay a crown he finds the picture card now? During the latter process of shuffling, the eyes of Mr. Greenborn have been watching the picture card intently by such glimpses as were given of it, and he feels as certain as of his own existence which of the three the picture card is. Pulling out his purse forthwith he exclaims with great eagerness, "I'll bet you a crown!" "Say half a sovereign," replies the other. He hesitates for a moment, but only for a moment, for he feels as if he could stake all his worldly possessions, including even his "Eureka," upon the correctness of his opinion, and rejoins with great eagerness, "Well, half a sovereign, then!" He passes the money over (for that, mind you, is quite indispensable to the wager), seizes his card, turns it up, and—d—ns it! For of course it is the wrong one. Some of his neighbors laugh, while others shake their heads wisely, and say they knew which it was; how could he be so blind as to pick that one up? The winning knave, however, while pocketing the coin, consoles him, and says in quite a friendly sort of way—"Try your luck again, sir. Of course you can't win every time, or what should I do? I shall be very glad to pay you if I lose, but of course I am better pleased when I win." Another shuffle; and the face of Mr. Greenhorn during the process is quite a picture-card itself; watching the movement of each fluttering piece of pasteboard with a scrutiny of expression that might make a painter's fortune to catch. The shuffling ceases, and he has got the right one this time, he thinks; indeed, he feels ten times more sure of it now. Out comes his half sovereign. "No," says the other, "I won't take less than a sovereign this time." All the better; he can not only recover his loss, but win as much again. The sovereign is staked, and the card is seized,—and d—d again! So this "little game of speculation" goes on; the wagers are doubled and trebled and lost, and the cards consigned to a series of condemnations quite awful to contemplate till the train stops at the station, when this poor fool emerges from the carriage stript of all his cash, looking as miserable as a barn-door fowl in the midst of a drenching rain. He is not, however, alone in his misery, for, like the "one fool" of the proverb, he has made many; and such a collection of dejected heads and wobegone faces as issue from that compartment is seldom seen, even at a rich relative's funeral. And what of the lucky proprietor of the picture card? Why, he pockets his implements of trade, and sneaks quietly out; worms his way into the crowd, and, when he fancies he is lost in the throng, assumes the air of some highly respectable individual out for a holiday.

But, as we said before, this is but the beginning of his business. We have not seen half of him yet, nor a tithe of the allurements of his "little game of speculation." Into the railway carriage he mostly goes alone, for the obvious reason of making room for as many dupes as possible. But when he gets out he is joined by his "pals," of whom, with himself, there is generally a quartet. This "limited" company completed, they have two objects in view, or rather two objects to get out of their view—first, to dodge away from the track of those who have already been "done," lest a row should ensue; and, secondly, to make sure there is not a speck of blue in the horizon in the shape of a "peeler." Both these objects satisfactorily accomplished, the mask falls off, and the Sharper is himself again; no more the highly respectable individual bent on recreation. He shoots like a meteor from the crowd, squats himself upon a heap of stones or the trunk of a tree, or any other "coigne of vantage" by the roadside, arranges his cards, and goes through the rigmarole before quoted. Now his "pals" are no mean aids to his fortunes. One stands on each side of him, while the other, a little way off, takes a survey of the surrounding scenery, and is ready to "give the office" on emergency. One of the worthies posted at his side no sooner hears the challenge of his accomplice of "Now, who'll lay a wager of a crown or half sovereign, or sovereign, that he finds that picture card?" than, with a stentorian voice, expressive not only of his being an utter stranger to his friend, but of a strong determination to ruin him on the spot, he exclaims, "Here, I'll lay you a sovereign!" And hereupon a group of simpletons quickly gather around. With great ostentation indicative of no small confidence in his chance of doubling his sovereign, the humbug hands it over, and with a certain amount of flourish lifts up the wrong card, and looks *so* astonished. His part is admirably played. A laugh goes round at his expense; his identity with the shuffler is not for a moment suspected, and not a few imagine and express themselves to the effect that they could have spotted the picture-card better than that! Thus auspiciously commenced, the "little game of speculation" goes on. One after another eagerly proffers his money, and two or three at a time wrangle and quarrel as to who should be "diddled" first, but they all have their turns; and at length their ardor abates; a certain degree of reluctance to stake begins to manifest itself, which gradually ends in a complete collapse of business. The fact is that at last a faint glimmer of an idea has dawned on the minds of even these idiots that it is next to an impossibility to win, the light of reason waxing brighter and brighter, and in the end they curse their folly for supposing that a single-handed man would challenge a community at any given game if the odds were not a hundred to one in his favor. This state of things, however, won't do, the "little game of speculation" must be kept alive; and certain auxiliary fascinations are now brought into play, which from want of machinery were not introduced before. The enterprising individual vainly soliciting a wager from those immediately before him, turns his head aside on purpose, as if to tempt others at his right or left who have only as yet been lookers on; then the "pal" on the blind side of him stoops down, picks up the picture-card, exhibits it with sundry grimaces expressive of "Now we have got him!" slightly bends one corner of it up, and replaces it all in the twinkling of an eye. Revenge flashes from every visage, a regular bustle ensues for precedence in picking up the bent-cornered card, and any amount of money is forthcoming. The "pal," of course, is allowed to have the first pick—it is due to his ingenuity, it is but a just reward for his services, by which they will now profit immeasurably. He wins, and a general murmur of delight is heard. The money is paid over with a most enchanting grace, and with the innocent expression of a two-year-old baby that all is fair play by the loser; and, as he shuffles his cards again, he repeats, "I am always glad to pay if I lose, but, of course I am better pleased when I win." He has no need now to beg for wagers; no sooner do the cards lie still than half a score of sovereigns are pressed upon him at once. He takes them one by one, and loses again once, twice, thrice—with the most becoming grace and the sweetest temper. The cards are now placed in order for the fourth time, and the corner of one is still turned up, but he won't "go" now, he says, for less than twenty pounds. "Well, but that is too bad," say his clients; "nobody has got that amount by him." The "pal" suggests that they should make it up between them, and he will hold the money to ensure its safety. A bright idea, this is agreed on every side, and one contributes two, another three, another four, and another five pounds; but all these only make up fourteen pounds, and he is inexorable for the twenty. A luckless wight now steps forward, who has lost everything and wishes to regain it; he pulls out his gold watch and guard, and offers to let that stand for the other six. "But you won't grumble, master, if you lose?" asks the fellow. No; he pledges his word for that. "Very well; now some one pick up the card," says the fellow. Some one does select it—the one with the corner turned up—and—a storm of execrations gives evidence that the biters are bit! With the dexterity of his craft, the wretch had turned down the corner of the right card, and turned up the corner of the wrong one in the process of shuffling.

Here the Surveyor of Nature darts forward and utters the mysterious word "Hedge!" And in the short space of time popularity accorded to the pronunciation of the mystical name of "Jack Robinson," the cards are pocketed and the blackleg has scampered off with his booty. Before the astonished speculators recover their senses—the few they possessed—a policeman comes up on the trot. To him, of course, they piteously appeal, and, pointing to the runaway, to whose retreating form even distance fails to lend enchantment to the view, implore him to "run and catch him," the unfortunate minus the watch being especially importunate.

"Run and catch him yourselves," is Sir Bobby's curt reply, "and I'll take you both into custody!"

We shall see him again before the day is over; yes, we shall see him on the course, where, strange to say, though hunted and chased from the common highway, he is as free as the wind that blows; there we shall see him between the intervals of each race, in full play, without the shadow of a fear upon his interesting features, and with three policemen, not only standing by, but looking on, reminding us of the "happy family" of cats, mice and birds we have seen in one cage! But, enough of him; like many better things, he gets disgusting in satiety.

NAUGHTY DOINGS EVERYWHERE.

INDECENCY EXPOSED.

BRIGHAM YOUNG OUT MORMONIZED.

Our readers will remember the details of a recent indecent exposure that occurred at Newark, N. J., at the residence of a Mr. (?) Ewen, on New Year's night. It seems that such things are not confined to the United States, neither is Mormonism the extreme to which amorousness is introduced to the religious world, as will be seen by the annexed information clipped from the N. Y. *Tribune*:—

"The grossly indecent scene in Mr. Ewen's house in Newark, on New Year's night, was enacted under somewhat similar circumstances 15 years ago, in a village near Zurich, Switzerland. An abandoned woman named Reinecke, living in Diesikon, a hamlet near Zurich, connected herself with a sect which had sprung up in the district, professing principles similar to those of the Latter-Day Saints. Some men became attached to this woman, and lived with her in open profligate intercourse. Reinecke becoming pregnant, gave out to these men that she would bring forth a son, who should be the Christ, and called upon them to make this known among the sect to which they belonged. They accordingly declared in the assembly of the Saints that the Old Testament prophecies had not been fulfilled, and that the Virgin who was to bear a Son was the woman Reinecke. Reinecke's child, however, proved to be a girl. Having hidden the infant, Reinecke proclaimed herself the Christ incarnate. At the woman's request some of the men, who had connected themselves with Reinecke's followers, assembled one evening in her room, bringing a large cross of wooden planks, to which they nailed her hands and feet, the woman promising meantime that she would remain three days and nights crucified, suffering neither death nor pain; and that on the third night, if they would assemble in the room, she would descend to them from the cross of her own free will. These madmen complied with Reinecke's directions, and returning on the third evening, found her dead on the cross. Some of the men fled from the country, two were incarcerated for life, and one was guillotined. The child, who was to have been the man Christ, is a poor servant in a hamlet near Wallisellen.

They have a scandal nearly of similar character in Somersetshire, England. A clergyman named Prince had a parish between Bridgewater and Taunton. He was a scholar and good preacher, as far as delivery and composition go. He sometimes inculcated strange dogmas, and his doctrinal enunciations from the pulpit became more bizarre on each succeeding Sunday, until at last the Rev. Mr. Prince announced to his surprised hearers that the Savior of the world was embodied in his reverend person; that he was the Prince for them; and that those who would believe in him should surely go to Heaven. A certain Miss L., an accomplished and beautiful young woman, who had attended this blasphemous divine's ministrations, was the first convert to the new religion. Miss S. soon found a coreligionist in a rich married woman. With the wealth which these infatuated women placed in Prince's hands, this pretender built a large house, with a chapel in the centre, and a conservatory, in extensive grounds—naming his paradise the Agapemone, or abode of Love. Into this abode the Prince and his converts retired. The conditions of entrance to the Agapemone, and of securing salvation were, that the candidate should be well supplied with the one thing needful to Prince, money, and, if they were married men, having their wives, that they should agree to the rules of the house, *i. e.*, to have all things in common. For years the Agapemone flourished, quite a numerous body of Princeites having taken up their residence in this abode of immorality. Married women quit their husbands to follow Prince, and gave him their property, and a few disreputable clergymen and men of property also joined his society. Prince began his establishment in style. The house was furnished luxuriously, and the richest exotics were in the conservatory. He drove in an elegant equipage, with four horses and outriders, two men running by the carriage with spears, and when he left the Agapemone his converts and domestics bowed before him. The Agapemone is now comparatively deserted; the four-in-hand has been replaced by a one-horse brougham; money is scarcer and women become converted less frequently. Last November a woman, who had quit her husband to become a Princeite, was claimed by her husband at the Agapemone. Mr. M. found the iron doors closed, and admittance was denied him. He went to Bridgewater and asked assistance. An indignant populace accompanied him to the Agapemone and assailed the doors with crowbars, forcing an entrance. Mrs. M. was not found, Prince having gone with his convert on a trip to the South. Mr. M. ascertained his wife's whereabouts about a month after her conversion, at which time her belief in Prince was not to be shaken, and she refused to return to her husband from Prince's Paradise."

BELLE BOYD DIVORCED.

DISCARDING HARDING.

On Thursday, the 16th inst., the divorce case between Belle Boyd Harding and Samuel W. Harding was brought up in the New York Supreme Court before Judge Cardozo, the Belle being the plaintiff. Says the *Herald* of the 17th:—

Another chapter in the eventful history of Belle Boyd, "Stonewall" Jackson's favorite scout in the Shenandoah valley during the campaign in Virginia, closed yesterday, when Judge Cardozo rendered a decision dissolving the bonds of matrimony between the "Belle of the Valley" and Samuel W. Harding. At the close of her career, which rendered her name historic in connection with some of the events of the late rebellion, Belle went to England and made her *debut* as an actress at one of the London theatres. While in the exercise of her new vocation she became acquainted with a man named Samuel W. Harding, and subsequently, on the 25th of August, 1864, was married to him in that city at St. James' church, Piccadilly. She continued to perform in public for some time, her name, memorable in consequence of her daring and romantic achievements on behalf of the "lost cause," proving a sufficient attraction to the English people, so many of whom sympathized with the Southern people in their struggle. Harding, her husband, who had also acquired some notoriety as an author and an actor, was formerly an officer in the United States naval service. A short time since Belle returned to America with her husband and performed in various theatres throughout the country, and only a few evenings since made her bow to a New York audience at the French Theatre. In December last, in consequence of certain proofs of infidelity on behalf of her liege, she commenced an action for divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* against him. The suit was instituted in the Supreme Court by the service of summons and complaint upon her husband personally, and service admitted in his own handwriting. The case was referred to Gratz Nathan, to take testimony and determine the issues, and report with his opinion thereon to the court. Proof was taken of the marriage, and it was conclusively shown that the defendant was guilty as charged in the complaint, the offence having been committed with one Fannie Sinclair, a courtezan, at a house in Crosby street. The defendant did not appear upon the reference, but his father was present and superintended his son's interests, no defence being interposed, however. An autograph letter of the defendant, written to "My Dear Colonel," a friend of Harding's, giving the real and fictitious names of "his damsel," Fannie, and stating that she "had a card of his (Harding's) sticking in her glass," was also produced for the plaintiff in evidence. The referee reported in favor of plaintiff on all the issues, and the court confirmed subsequently the report. Belle asked no alimony from her former husband, and was apparently anxious only to get rid of him. She stated explicitly on the reference that she wished to resume her maiden name, Belle Boyd.

TWO PRECIOUS ROGUES.

A lady from New Orleans, of considerable wealth, elegant dress, attractive appearance, and in the flower of youth (so says the St. Paul (Minn.) *Times* of the 5th inst.), took apartments, in September, at the Park Place Hotel, in that aspiring city. She sang well, played well, and talked well, and caused some sensation in her immediate circle and much emotion in the hearts of the young Rocky Mountain bucks. An invalid ex-captain stopping at the hotel, whose valetudinarian habits gave him leisure to cultivate her acquaintance, grew in favor with her until he became the companion of romantic walks, fishing and pleasure excursions, and, it is said, enjoyed the rare privilege of getting her checks cashed, and thus gained some knowledge of her pecuniary affairs. He assumed the airs of a man of wealth, and gave it to be understood that his means were ample. A short time ago a Mr. C., whose presence seems to be unexplained, insulted the lady in the presence of Captain B. The two gentlemen became, in consequence, deadly enemies. C. was forbidden the house. B. told the lady that C. was about to slander him vilely, and could only be silenced by a considerable sum of money; that he had not the amount at his disposal at the moment, but that it could be raised upon some of the lady's jewelry, which would be redeemed by him in a day or two, as he expected a $20,000 check hourly. Two diamond rings, worth $3,500, were handed to him by the lady with hesitation, and the representation was made that $2,000 had been obtained by pawning them; that the amount was paid to C., for which a receipt was produced. B. gave his note for $6,000 as security for the rings. Soon after this B. said C. had made another demand, and he had resolved to boot him. The lady, in fear of the notoriety that would follow, declared her willingness to part with all her jewelry to quiet C., and leave the city herself; and a diamond pin and ear-drops, valued at $2,000, were given to B., who, in company with C., raised $400 on them, paid some debts of the lady, and on Christmas day she set out for Milwaukee. B. accompanied her to the cars and gave her his note for $80,000 as security for the jewelry, which she was to return on the restoration of the brilliants. It is needless to say that B. and C. were accomplices; that the diamond rings had not been pawned, and that they were a couple of cold-hearted vampires. In the cars the lady began to reflect, and with reflection came the suspicion that she had been swindled. At Milwaukee she telegraphed to the neighborhood of Boston to learn the status of B., and found that he was not worth a cent. She returned to St. Paul and had the rogues arrested; but as she did not desire to prosecute, wishing only to recover her trinkets, no further action was taken. However, by paying a heavy brokerage (?) from funds which she had been authorized to draw on New Orleans credits, she got them—the two sneaks coolly bringing in the rings and handing them to her. The only request she made was that the matter might be kept quiet, and departed for her Southern home on the 4th inst.

A Royal Scandal.—A great sensation has been created in Denmark by the scandalous particulars recently published about the antecedents of the notorious Countess Danner, the widow of the late King Frederick the Seventh. It appears from these details that the Countess Danner was the issue of an incestuous union, her parents being brother and sister. She is a native of Rhenish Prussia, and as a young girl was distinguished alike for her surpassing beauty and her somewhat dissolute life. After giving birth to an illegitimate child she married a tavern-keeper at Mulheim, near Cologne, on the Rhine, and her beauty soon attracted large numbers of travelers to her husband's hotel, which was generally known as the "Hotel of the beautiful landlady." One day a Danish artist from Copenhagen stopped there, and was so smitten with her charms that he laid siege to her heart and prevailed upon her to elope with him to Denmark. At Copenhagen, Crown Prince Frederick saw and loved her, but she turned a deaf ear to his application until he formally promised to marry her. He did so in 1850 three years after he had ascended the throne. It is believed that she was never divorced from her husband, the Mulheim tavern-keeper. King Frederick the Seventh was so exceedingly fond of her that he often times declared that he would abdicate his crown rather than give her up.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

BREVITIES.

A REVOLUTIONARY character—the man in the moon.

WHY are fish like the end of a hunt? Because they're the finish.

THE worst organ-grinder—a hollow tooth that plays the deuce.

VERY cold weather is injurious to the snuff trade, for it bites off men's noses.

WHEN a poor fellow is about to be burned by savages, his very existence is at stake.

"A PLAY upon words," as the schoolboy said when he kicked the dictionary up and down the school.

WE ARE sorry to see that nearly every lady breaks an important commandment—Thou shalt not *steel*.

DEMOSTHENES.—A Western paper, in announcing a steamboat explosion, says, "Three persons were *slightly* killed."

"MATCHLESS MIRTH" has been defined to be to have a cigar and nothing to light it with.

THE art of book-*keeping* taught in one short and easy lesson: *don't lend 'em!*

"I'LL be round this way in a minute," as the second hand said to the pendulum.

THE entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine ch'ldren. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

A BACHELOR old bachelor says the most difficult surgical operation in the world is to take the jaw out of a woman.

A MAN of letters observed to a punster that punning was the lowest species of wit. "True," said the other, "it is the foundation."

"THERE, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard." "La, mother, it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

QUESTION.—It is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken is not the more competent to sing in "pieces."

AN impertinent fellow wishes to know if you ever sat down to tea where skimmed milk was on the table without being asked, "Do you take cream?"

"TELL your mistress I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to a domestic of a lodging-house. "Very well, sir; mistress will put it down as *rent*."

DAVID FENDER, "popping the question," in a letter, concluded thus:—"And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

"WHAT branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" "A willow branch, sir; the master has used almost a whole willow tree."

AT last accounts, the man who "got off" a speech was trying to get on again, he having discovered that his "train of remarks" was the wrong one.

YOUNG physicians should not grumble because they find it difficult to get into practice. They will be certain to succeed if they only have patients.

A LADY in Pennsylvania declares that the state of matrimony is legitimately in the *Union*, as it must be admitted on all hands that it is one of the *united* states.

THOMAS HOOD died composing—and that, too, a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to *urn a lively Hood*.

A MAN who was arrested for stealing goods at a fire the other day, pleaded in excuse for and extenuation of his conduct, that he had been in the place but a few days, and *hadn't learned the rules*.

MERRY MOMENTS.

TOM wrote to John, from the country, that he was "constantly employed in *breaking* colts." John wrote in reply that all he had to say about it was—"save the pieces."

AN Irish lad, having been asked if the man who had just flogged him was his own father, replied—"Yis, sure, he is the parent iv me, but he trates me as if I was his son by another father and mother, bad luck to him."

INNOCENT CREATURE.—An old lady wonders that, when the thread of the Atlantic cable was broken, the Great Eastern didn't give a tack or two and so repair it. Her wonder is all the greater, as she was assured they had a very good needle on board.

A FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.—A young fellow, the son of an eminent dancing master, applying to a friend as to what trade or profession it would be best for him to pursue, was answered:—"I think you cannot do better than follow the steps of your father."

NIGGER TALK.—'I say, Sambo, where you get de shirt studs?" "In de shop, to be sure." "Yah, you just told me you hadn't no money." "Dat's right." "How you get dem, den?" "Well, I saw on a card in de window 'Collar Studs,' so I went in and collared dem."

HOW TO AVOID DROWNING.—A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone saved. "And how did you escape?" asked one of his hearers. "I tid not go in de pote."

A DEAF JUROR.—A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving, on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.

A GAME LADY.—A gentlemen lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied he, "for I vow you are plump as a partridge." "At first," said the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but you are now actually making *game* of me."

SHOOST RIGHT.—"Shut your eyes and listen mit me. Vell, de first night I opens store I counts de monies, and find him six right; I count him again, and dere be three dollar gone, and vat does ye tink I does then?" "I can't say." "Vy, I did not count him any more, and he come out shoost right ever since."

A YARD OF PORK.—In a town in which they were making a railroad was employed a party of Irishmen, one of whom went to a neighboring shop kept by a Yankee and asked for a yard of pork. The Yankee deliberately cut off three pig's feet and gave them to him. "Sure, is this what you'd be after callin' a yard of pork?" asked the Irishman. "Yes, indeed; don't three feet make a yard?" The biter was bit.

TIME TO GET UP.—A clergyman, endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday school scholars, a ploughboy, on the nature of a miracle, thought he made it plain. "Now, my boy, suppose you should see the sun rise in the middle of the night, what would you call that?" "The moon, sir." "No, but suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you saw it actually rise in the midele of the night, what should you think? I should think it was time to get up."

A CLEVER TRICK.—A gentleman, on his travels, called his servant to the side of the post-chaise. "Tom," says he, "here's a guinea which is *to light*, and I can get nobody to take it; do you and part with it somehow or other, on the road."—"Yes, sir," says the footman, "I will endeavor."—When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to his servant to know if he had passed off the guinea.—"Yes, sir," says the man, "I did it nicely."—"Ay, Tom," says his master, "I fancy thou art a sly sort of fellow; but tell me how."—"Why, sir," says the footman, "the people refused it at breakfast, and so they did when your honor dined; but, as I had fourpence to pay at the turnpike, I whipped him between the halfpence, and the man put it into his pocket, and *never saw it*."

SOUP ON NOTHING.—At a very excellent hotel, not a hundred miles from our parts, they were one day short of a waiter, when a newly-arrived Hibernian was hastily made to supply the place of a more expert hand. "Now, Barney," said mine host, "mind you serve every man with soup the first thing—serve soup first." "Bedad, I'll do that same," said the alert Barney. Soup came on, and Barney, after helping all but one guest, came up to the last one. "Soup, sir?" said Barney. "No soup for me," said the man. "But you must have it—it is the rules of the house." "D—n the rules of the house!" exclaimed the guest. "When I don't want soup I won't eat it." "Well," said Barney, with all due solemnity, "all I can say is this: its the regulations of the house, and d—n the drop else will ye get till ye's has finished the soup." The traveler gave in and the soup was gobbled.

A BRIDE'S RARE PREROGATIVE.—Some years ago, a ludicrous incident happened at Vienna. The Emperor was interrupted in the midst of a Cabinet Council by a message from the Empress, who, it was said, wanted him immediately. On going to her Majesty's apartments, she threw herself before him in an imploring attitude, and begged him that she might be allowed the extraordinary *privilege of putting on her own stockings*. The high dames of the Court, it seems, whose duty it was to perform that function, insisted upon discharging it; though, as their imperial mistress represented, "they tickled her" when doing so in a way that she could not endure. The young Princess, whom fortune had raised to be the partner of the Kaiser's throne, had been brought up in a simple and sensible manner, and really could not see why the hands God had given them should be less useful to imperial and royal personages than to any other people. The Emperor yielded, doubtless to the consternation of the ladies of the bedchamber, who saw in this innovation a precedent fraught with danger to the most hallowed institutions of the monarchy.

PLAINTIFF TURNED DEFENDANT.—An Englishman took a box at the Grand Opera, and after he placed his ticket in his pocket, he strolled down the Boulevards and the Avenue des Champs Elysees; when he reached the brewery, which is on the left-hand side of the avenue, he put his hand in his pocket, like a prudent man, to see if he had money to pay for the beer he wished. He discovered that some fellow had picked his pocket while he was walking down, and his pocket-book containing his opera-ticket, his visiting-cards, and five bank-notes of one thousand francs each. The Englishman beckoned to the first empty cab he saw, entered it, drove to the Grand Opera, and after telling his adventure, asked that the pickpocket might be arrested if he made his appearance. A policeman in private clothes was stationed opposite the box mentioned, with orders to arrest any person who entered it. Soon after the curtain rose, a gentleman with two ladies entered the box. The policeman at once arrested him, and took him down stairs to the Commissary of Police. "Search that fellow," said the Commissary to the policeman. "Here is the pocket-book," said one policeman. "Here are the visiting-cards," added another. "He gave the box-ticket at the door," joined in the Commissary of Police. "You are a pickpocket." All this took place in a great deal less time than I have taken to describe it; but when it was over, the Englishman said to the Commissary, "I am no pickpocket. I am the person whose pocket was picked. I found at my hotel, upon my return, my pocket-book, cards and box-ticket, which were doubtless returned by the pickpocket, who thought the 5,000 francs he found earnings enough for one day."

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY are lazy looking girls the most adored? Because they are idle-eyed.

WHY were our grandmothers, in their youthful days, like *gentlemen now?* Because they wore large combs on their heads.

WHY are some ladies the very opposite to their mirrors? Because the one reflects without talking, the other talks without reflecting.

WHY is it complimentary to call a man a son of a gun? Because it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it descends in a straight line from a good stock.

BALL PLAY.

THE CHICAGO BASE BALL SEASON OF 1867.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE THREE LEADING CLUBS.

Below will be found a history of the principal base ball clubs of Chicago for the season of 1867. Of these, the Excelsior Club is mentioned first. Taree years ago it was re-organized and strengthened by the return of several old members who had gone to the wars. During the season of 1865 they played some fifteen match games, winning every time. This gave them an impression that there was the making of a good nine in the club, and when the season of 1866 was fairly inaugurated, each pleasant day found its members practising at our National game. During 1866 they attended several tournaments, and by their superior skill succeeded in every instance in bringing to Chicago the first prize, as well as a majority of the individual prizes. The season of 1866 closed upon them with their record as bright as the one before, and the season of 1867, with but one exception, was equally a success. Thus in a ball play of three seasons the Excelsiors have won over fifty games and lost but one. With the hope that the season of 1868 shall be as beneficial to them both physically and honorably as during their past history, we lay before our readers the doings of the Excelsiors for 1867.

The following is a list of the Clubs played with and the respective scores, those of the Excelsior's being given first:—

June 5—Atlantic, Chicago	48	24
June 7—Garden City, Chicago	27	10
June 20—Forest City, Rockford	45	41
July 4—Forest City, Rockford	28	24
July 27—National, Washington	4	49
August 21—Rustic, Danby, Ill	124	2
September 19—Egyptian, Centralia, Ill	79	9
September 21—Capitol, Springfield, Ill	38	6
September 27—Bloomington, Bloomington, Ill	25	17
October 5—Detroit, Detroit, Mich	49	20
October 19—Detroit, Detroit, Mich	36	24
Total	503	236

Besides which they played:—

September 20—Picked Nine, of Central Illinois, at Decatur, score	44	6
November 2—Picked Nine, Chicago	24	13

The last was the most interesting game of the season.

They made excursions during the year to Rockford, Decatur, Danby, and Detroit, Mich.

The game with the Nationals was the first the club ever lost.

The following table shows the most important points of the play of eleven members of the club who have played in first nine matches five times or more:—

No. Games.	*Outs.*	*Average.*	*Runs.*	*Average.*	*Clean Scores.*
Stearns.....11	18	1-7	68	6-2	2
Keenan 5	8	1-3	27	5-2	1
Foley.....10	16	1-6	64	6-4	2
Zeller..... 5	7	1-2	24	4-4	0
Oberlaader...11	24	2-2	59	5-4	1
Alston..... 8	19	2-3	45	5-5	1
Banker..... 6	13	2-1	25	4-1	1
Blakeslee.... 8	18	2-2	41	5-1	1
McNally.....10	29	2-9	36	3-6	0
Kennedy..... 5	14	2-4	17	3-2	0
Budd 5	16	3-1	13	2-3	0

Above are the averages of those clubs who have played in five (5) games or more.

Number of runs made by the Excelsiors in eleven (11) games, 503; number of runs made by opposing clubs, 236. Average number of runs each game, 45-8; average number of runs each innings, 5-8. Greatest number of runs in one game, 124; smallest number of runs in one game (with the Nationals, of Washington), 4. Greatest number of runs made by an opposing club, (Nationals, of Washington), 49; smallest number of runs made by an opposing club, 4.

A recapitulation shows that the largest number of runs for Excelsiors was 124, in game with Rustics, and 49 for Nationals; smallest number of runs in game—4 for Excelsiors, in game with Nationals, and 6 for Capitals, of Springfield.

The Excelsiors, we are told, are now stronger than ever. Since their defeat by the Nationals they have been recuperating, and will come Fast during the ensuing season. They still claim the title "Champions of the West."

THE ATLANTIC CLUB,

during the season of 1867, played nine first nine matches, of which they won five and lost four. The following is a list of the clubs played with and the respective scores, those of the Atlantics being given first:—

Excelsiors of Chicago, June 8, 24 to 48; O. Ks., of Ottawa, at Chicago, June 22, 93 to 14; Cream City of Milwaukee, at Milwaukee, July 4, 48 to 45; Garden City of Chicago, July 13, 41 to 32; Cream City's, at Chicago, July 26, 71 to 30; Nationals of Washington, at Chicago, July 29, 17 to 78; Eurekas of Chicago, Sept. 7, 18 to 28; Eurekas again, Sept. 21, 28 to 23; Eurekas, Oct. 9, 19 to 42.

The total number of runs made by the Atlantics in the nine games played, was 358, against 330 for their opponents. Average number of runs to each game, 39.7, against 36.6 for their opponents. Highest score in a game—Atlantics, in game with O. K.'s, and 78 for Nationals; lowest score—Atlantics, 17 in game with Nationals, and O. K.'s 14. The following table of averages includes only those players who have participated in five or more games:

	No. Games.	*Outs.*	*Average Outs.*	*Runs.*	*Av'ge Runs.*	*Clean Scores.*
Taylor.....	8	17	2-1	42	5-2	1
O'Neil.....	7	18	2-4	39	5-4	0
Kinzie.....	9	24	2-6	40	4-4	0
Scates.....	9	22	2-4	32	3-5	1
Burton.....	7	19	2-5	37	5-2	0
Sheldon.....	6	13	2-1	24	4-0	1
Drummond	5	14	2-4	26	5-1	0
Burwell	5	17	3-2	24	4-4	0
Holmes.....	5	16	3-1	18	3-3	0

THE EUREKA CLUB,

during the season of 1867, played eight first nine matches, of which they won six and lost two. The following is a list of the clubs played with:—

May 18—Atlantics, 39 to 19; June 1—Resolutes, 31 to 11; July 4—Garden City, 21 to 32; Aug. 2—Garden City, 56 to 26; Sept. 7—Atlantics, 28 to 18; Sept. 21—Atlantics, 23 to 29; Oct. 14—Atlantics, 42 to 19; Nov. 9—Garden City, 41 to 30, making a total of 281 runs for the Atlantics against 184 for their opponents.

The following is the table of the club's averages:—

No. Games.	*Outs.*	*Av. Outs.*	*Runs.*	*Av. Runs.*	*Flies Clear Ophl.*	*Flies Mis'd.*	*Ball's Runs.*
Brown.....2	7	3-1	7	3-1	3	1	.. 1
Yost 2	5	2-1	8	4-0	..	..	.. ..
Miles.....6	18	3-0	21	3-3	1	1	.. ..
Gaskins....8	20	2-5	33	4-1	11	6	.. 3
Haines.....1	5	4-1	3	2-1	..	1	.. ..
Whitehead..7	13	1-6	28	4-0	9	..	1 1
Hough 6	21	3-3	16	2-4	4	1	.. ..
Price.....1	2	2-3	6	6-0	..	..	.. ..
Miller.....1	4	4-0	2	2-0	1	..	.. ..
Everts.....1	4	4-0	4	4-0	2	..	.. ..
Beach.....6	23	3-5	19	3-1	5	5	.. ..
Baker.....3	11	3-2	10	3-1	..	..	.. ..
Sweet.....7	11	1-4	35	5-0	6	..	1 3
Cone.....6	9	1-3	28	4-4	3	2	2 ..
Blair.....3	7	2-1	15	4-2	..	2	1 1
Stearns.....5	9	1-4	18	3-3	6	1	1 1
Jennings...4	12	3-0	16	4-0	4	1	1 1
Babcocs....3	3	1-0	13	4-1	1	..	1 ..
	184		281		56	27	8 11

NATIONAL CLUB, OF WASHINGTON.—At the annual meeting of the National Base Ball Club, held on Monday evening, Jan. 6th, the following officers were elected for the year 1868:—President, A. P. Gorman; 1st Vice President, Col. W. G. Moore (re-elected); 2d Vice President, J. D. Patten. Recording Secretary, James A. Patterson; Corresponding Secretary, John D. Hayes (re-elected); Treasurer, A. R. Benner (re-elected); Captain of the Nine, George Wright; Scorer, Jos. Y. Potts (re-elected); Match Committe, Messrs. Wright, Walden and Sample; Board of Directors, Messrs. Gorman, Tappen and C. E. Smith. It will be seen that henceforth the captain of the nine is an officer of the club, and has the power to select his nine for every match game, a power that heretofore was given to the board of directors, but by a recent amendment to the constitution is created a new office, vested only in the captain of the nine.

NEW JERSEY BASE BALLERS.—The N. J. State Branch of the National Association held their annual meeting at Newark on the 15th inst., and elected officers for 1868. The successful candidates were for President, E. A. Ward, Eureka Club; First Vice President, W. N. Fanning, Princeton Club; Second Vice President, J. W. McKiernan, Olympic Club, Paterson; Recording Secretary; George Warren, Champion Club, Jersey City; Corresponding Secretary, H. T. Hudnet, Princeton Club; Treasurer, Jacob Westervelt, Bergen Club.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MDLLE. AZELLA.

A female gymnast, whose portrait appears on our first page, is a novelty which but two years ago had never been seen by the public. Born at Milan, at a very early age she devoted herself to the choreographic art, and subsequently fulfilled several engagements as *premiere danseuse* throughout the Continent and in America; but while appearing as a dancer, she, for nearly ten years, continued to practice the feats performed by Leotard; until at length complete success crowned her efforts. In Paris she created quite a *furore*, the Hippodrome being nightly crowded by people anxious to witness Mdlle. Azella. Mr. George Pulleyn, formerly of the Crystal Palace, having been present at a private performance anterior to her *debut* in Paris, was so struck with her amazing skill that he at once concluded an engagement with her to appear in England, where she made her first bow several weeks since at the London Hall, Bridge street, Manchester. The subject of our notice claims attention for the performance of daring feats which fairly entitles her to rank as the rival of the famous Leotard. Graceful in form, with well-cut features, and an expression of resolution seldom to be observed in the weaker sex, she makes her appearance in a costume suitable to the exigencies of the occasion. With a light, elastic tread, she ascends to the high platform, and calmly bends in acknowledgment of the round of encouraging applause which greets her. Then, as she swings through the air, men hold their breath, for they cannot forget that she is a woman! As her hands leave the trapeze and she springs forward to catch that slender bar of wood, upon the support of which her life depends, an exclamation of *terror* half escapes from the spectators, which changes to a ringing cheer as they perceive the wonderful precision and ease with which she leaps from trapeze to trapeze. Yet this courageous girl is scarcely twenty years of age.

ABOUT LAYING EGGS.—A good story is told of Miss C——, a laughter-loving, good natured country lass, who was spending the afternoon with a neighbor, and during supper the conversation turned on hens' eggs, &c., during which Miss C—— observed that their hens did not lay scarcely any eggs, and she could not give any reason for it. "Why," observed Mr. F——, "my hens lay very well; I go out among them almost every day, and get eggs." "My gracious!" was the rejoinder, "I wish you'd come over to our house and run with our hens a spell, I'm sure father would pay you well for your trouble."

SEEKERS OF HEALTH AND STRENGTH, you are invited to resume those forfeited blessings, by a timely resort to HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. You will find them in that immaculate Vegetable restorative. But be sure you procure the genuine article. Counterfeits are abroad. Look closely to the trade mark. Buy only of reliable dealers.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

J. McK., Newark.—Not quite; your proposed solution of Enigma No. 603 fails at the 4th move, where Black may return to Q 3d. Would'nt see the resolution of this fine stratagem, read:

1..R to Q B 8	P to Q Kt 5	4..B to Kt 5 + K moves
2..R × B 2d P	Q × R	5..Kt—K B 7, mate
3..P—Q 4	Q × Q P	Very fine, eh?

If Black 1..Kt to K B 3d, White proffers sacrifice of R, first at B 6th, and then at Q 6th, a "brilliant manœuvre;" and "there are other variations equally meritorious."

L. D, Covington, Ky.—A "cutmate" is what the French so aptly term a '*Qui perd gagne*;" i. e.: he wins who *compels* his adversary to give checkmate.

G. REICHHELM, Philad'a.—You judged rightly of our partiality; may, more, it has been one of our Chess passions for years, and the flattering reception of "Brevity and Brilliancy" proves that we have touched a chord that vibrates in unison with many others. The games are, indeed, most welcome; accept our heartiest thanks for the honor.

W. H L., Cincinnati.—You will be amused at the distance of your shot from the true mark in Enigma No. 604, the first move of which, and the only one, is "very ingenious." It runs thusly:

1..K to Kt 8	B to Q B 6	3..R × Kt B to Q 7
2..Q—K B 2	B—Q Kt 5 (1)	4..Q—K B eq, mate.

(1) Black 2..B to K 8; 3..Q to her B 5, and 4..mates: and if 2.. P to B 7; Q × P, and Q mates. How do you like *that?* Thought you'd take a sensible view of 'tother thing.

THEO. M. BROWN.—Your solution of Tourney No. 12 is correct. Nary "dread;" set 'em up."

TOURNEY No. 13.—An attentive correspondent "allows" that your motto should not be "O. K.," but "A. K.," (achey)—the wretch! He has gone and cut your cloth into this kind o' jacket; how do you feel therein?

1..Q to R 5 +	K moves	5..R to B 6 + K moves
2..R—B 7 +	K moves	6..Q—her 5 + K moves
3..R—Kt 7 +	K moves	7..Q—K 6, or B 6 K moves
4..Q R—B 7 +	K moves	8..R—Kt 6 dis + Q × B, and
	gives the *coup de grace*.	

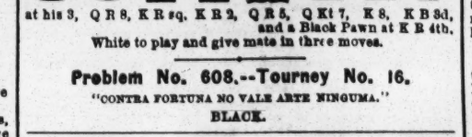
G. P. Q.—The chess ships were very timely and acceptable; thank you for such considerate favors.

Enigma No. 608.

"Ingeni pugnat age, gratia, justa Minerram.

FOURTH PRIZE.—LUDWIG VON BILOW.

at K Kt 3, Q R 7, Q 5, Q Kt 8, K 8, K R 4, Q Kt 6, K Kt 6th.



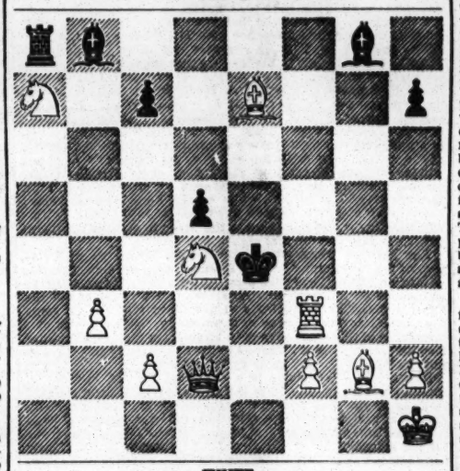
at his 3, Q R 8, K R sq, K B 2, Q R 5, Q Kt 7, K 8, K B 3d, and a Black Pawn at K B 4th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 608.--Tourney No. 16.

"CONTRA FORTUNA NO VALE ARTE NINGUMA."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White compels suimate in five moves.

Game No. 608.

Our contributor, G. Reichhelm, Esq., gives Brig. Gen. Congdon, of Harrisburg, the Q Kt.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Reichhelm.	Defence, Congdon.	Attack, Reichhelm.	Defence, Congdon.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..Q B × Kt	K B × B
2..K Kt—B 3	Q Kt—B 3	16..Q R—Q sq	P—Q B 4
3..K B—B 4	K B—B 4	17..P—K Kt 4	Q—her 4
4..P—Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	18..K B—K 4	Q—K 3
5..P—Q B 3	B—Q B 4	19..K R—K sq (a)	P—K B 4
6..Castles	P—Q 3	20..P × P en pass	Q × B 2d P
7..P—Q 4	K P × P	21..P—K Kt 5	Q—K B 5
8..B P × P	K B—Kt 3	22..Q B × B (b)	B P × B
9..Q B—Kt 2	K Kt—B 3	23..Kt P × Kt	B × R B
10..Q—her B 2	Castles	24..B—Q 5 +	K R—B 2
11..P—K 5	Q P × P	25..B × K R +	K × K B
12..Q P × P	K Kt—his 5	26..Q—her Kt 3 +	K—Kt 3
13..P—K R 3	K Kt—B 3	27..Kt—K 5 +	K × R P, and
14..K B—Q 3	Q Kt—Q 5	surrendered; but Mr. R. has	

since discovered, and now announces, a mate in *seventeen* moves.

(a) B × R P +, at any time, would have been feeble.

(b) To prevent Q to Kt 6 +.—*G. R.*

Partie in the great Australian Tourney.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

Mr Burns.	Mr. Tullidge.	Mr. Burns.	Mr. Tullidge.
1..P to K 4	P to Q B 4	10..P to Q B 3	K B × Kt
2..K Kt—B 3	P—K 3	11..Q × K B	Q B—Q 2
3..P—Q 4	B P × P	12..P—K B 4	Q R—B sq
4..K Kt × P	P—Q R 3 (c)	13..Q—K sq	Q P × P
5..Q Kt—B 3	Q Kt—B 3	14..K B × P	Q Kt × Kt
6..Q B—K 3 (d)	K B—Kt 5	15..Q B × Kt	B—Q Kt 4 (e)
7..Q—her 2	K Kt—K 2	16..Q R—Q sq	Q B × R
8..K 8—Q 3	Castles	17..Q B × P	Q—Kt 3 + (f)
9..Castles, K R	P—Q 4	18..Q B—Q 4	Q—Kt 4, and

Mr. Burns gives mate in twelve moves.

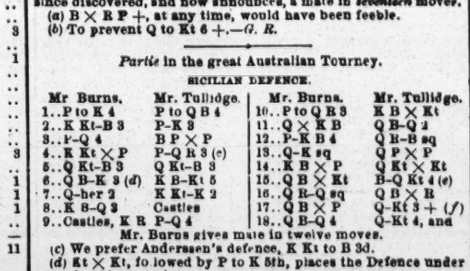
(c) We prefer Andersseen's defence, K Kt to B 3d.

(d) Kt × Kt, to lowed by P to K 5th, places the Defence under considerable restraint.

(e) Played to win the exchange; but the commanding position of the hostile Bishops is much against him.

(f) It would, perhaps, have been a better resource to have given up the Queen by K × B.

Herr Loewenthal honored this ending with a diagram.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.

Black to move and White to draw.*

*Not difficult, but instruct us.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 35.---Vol. XV.

Between Messrs. Ryan and McLaughlin.

THE BROOKLYN.

Black. Mr. Ryan.	White. Mr. McL.	Black. Mr. Ryan.	White. Mr. McL.
1..10 to 14	23 to 19	9..20 to 27	31 to 8
2..11 16	27 23	10..3 12	26 24
3..16 20	32 27	11..1 6	22 18 (b)
4..8 11	19 16	12..14 23	26 19
5..12 19	24 8	13..7 11	24 20 (c)
6..4 11	23 19	14..6 10	21 17
7..6 10	19 15	15..11 15, and wins.	
8..10 19(a)	27 24		

(-) Short cut for drawing them, 11 to 18. (b) White could not have made a worse move. (c) As good as anything—the "jig being up."

Solution of Position No. 67.--Vol. XV.

BY M. B.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..26 to 24	28 to 19	5..19 to 26	12 to 8
2..27 31	18 27	6..10 7	8 4
3..31 15	30 23	7..7 11	1 6
4..15 19	16 12	Black wins.	

Solution of Position No. 68.--Vol. XV.

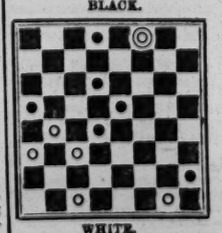
BY THE EDITOR D. D.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..16 to 19	23 to 16	3..15 to 24	20 to 16
2..15 15	16 19	4..24 20, and wins.	

Position No. 69, Vol. XV. Position No. 70, Vol. XV.

END GAME—BY "CHICAGO BOY." END-GAME—BY I. D. J. S.

BLACK. BLACK.



WHITE. WHITE.

White to move and win. Black to move and White to draw.*

*Not difficult, but instruct us.

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SPORTS ABROAD.

GAME BATTLE FOR A TENNER.

Courtney and Palmer, who hail from the neighborhood of Plaistow Marshes, Eng., met on the 26th ult. to decide who was the better man. Both are novices, and neither has the slightest pretension to fighting, but having had a fall out, it was decided they should settle their differences in the ring, and their friends staked £5 a-side for them to contend for. An early start from town was made, and a well-known spot being reached (in spite of the fog,) all things seemed "serene;" but it was found that no ropes and stakes had been brought. This, as might be expected, caused a delay. The men wanted to fight without a ring, but as the articles stipulated that they were to fight according to the new rules of the ring, the referee very properly declined to act without those accessories. At length an impromptu ring was formed, and at 10 A. M. the men proceeded to hostilities. Palmer, who is 19 years of age, stands 5ft. 10in., and weighs about 10st. He had for his seconds Jack Baldock and Pratt, while "noisy" Harry Seaton and Stiff-'an (of Norwich) attended to Courtney, who is several years older than his opponent, stands about 1¼in. shorter, and weighs about 11s. After being left at the scratch, they at once commenced, Courtney sending in a 'pile driver" with his right on the ribs, Palmer fighting away left and right at the head until they clinched, when Palmer threw Courtney heavily. In the second round they stood toe to toe, and punched away merrily, Palmer having all the best of it. Both bled freely from the mouth, so the first event was a draw. In the three succeeding rounds Palmer fought his man all over the ring, and the contest looked like being a short one. In the eighth round Palmer gained the first knock-down by a flush hit on the nose. Courtney, however, persevered, and, taxing his "gruel" like a man, would not be denied, and in the tenth round landed two "hot 'uns" on each side of Palmer's head. In the next he popped his right on Palmer's left eye, raising a bump and drawing blood. Now came another change, and for the next few rounds the young one had the best of it; in the fourteenth Palmer, in the close, slipped down, and Courtney struck him on the back of the head. An appeal was made, but the referee, seeing that it was not intentional, ordered them to fight on, and cautioned Courtney to be more careful; and for the remainder of the battle no two men could fight in a more manly way. The fifteenth round was a good one, some rapid and punishing exchanges taking place; and in the end Courtney (who was much too fat) went down weak. They had now been fighting half an hour, and for the next twenty minutes the contest was a mere scramble, they no sooner facing each other than at it they rushed, and after a few wearing blows, which had no effect, were down. From this point, Palmer, who had scarcely a mark on his face, although he had been hit severely about the body, fell off, and showed signs of great weakness, while Courtney, who was much punished about the frontispiece, had recovered, and was strong on his legs. He now took the lead, and so improved his advantage, that at the end of the forty-sixth round, after fighting 1 hour 8 min., Palmer's seconds threw up the sponge in token of defeat. The poor fellow was much mortified at losing, but Nature gave way, and during the latter half of the battle his blows had no steam in them.

FIGHT FOR A TENNER.—On Dec. 26th a turn-up for £5 a side took place at Gawthorpe-lane end, Eng., about midway between Doncaster and Barnsley. The combatants were Jack Fleet, late of Dudley Port, but for some time past of Elsecar, near Rotherham, and Dick Maguire, an Irishman, now of Sheffield. Both the men had fought previously. The place selected was Houghton Common, some six or seven miles from Barnsley, and about ten o'clock Fleet and his partisans put in an appearance, and a ring was formed. Maguire neglected keeping the appointment for nearly two hours, and the money was given up to Fleet. Maguire now came upon the scene, having, it was stated, missed the train or alighted at the wrong station. As he seemed determined to have a shy, and as it was whispered the "blues" were on the alert, a movement was made to the Gawthorpe-lane end, near to the half-way house on the Doncaster turnpike road, when a subscription was made, which resulted in near £7 being subscribed. The men got to work in good style at two o'clock. Maguire soon proved the strongest man, throwing his opponent almost every time, and twenty-four rounds were fought in half an hour. In the twenty-fourth round Maguire struck a rattling blow with his right at Fleet's frontispiece. The latter, however, ducked to avoid, when Maguire fell and put out his shoulder. This mishap finished the fight, as on time being called Maguire was unable to come up, and Fleet was awarded the purse and its contents. There was a large attendance from the Barnsley district.

TWO-RING FIGHT FOR £50.—Early on the morning of Dec. 24th, a fight came off near Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., for £25 a side, between John Tate, of South Hetton, and J. Moralee, of Pelton. Both men are pitmen. It was intended that the contest should have taken place on Monday, but owing to the vigilance of the Durham county police, the combatants were under the necessity of holding back. After being dodged about the country all day the combatants decided to rest for the night, and between eight and nine o'clock the next morning they succeeded in forming a ring upon the beach near Marsden, South Shields. For half an hour they fought, Moralee getting the worst of it, but owing to the appearance of the "keepers of the peace," the men and their backers had to decamp. Ultimately they arrived in Newcastle, went to the Town Moor, and then succeeded in bringing the "mill" to a finish, after fighting another half-hour, when both were severely punished. Tate was the heaviest and fittest man, but Moralee had most science. The last named had the first three rounds in his favor, after which Tate took command, and finally won in twenty-eight rounds. The fight was witnessed by several hundred persons, chiefly pitmen.

OFF-HAND MILL NEAR BARNSLEY.—On the 26th ult., the Barnsley fancy was astir early to witness a set-to between "Belty" Wormald and Young Bennison, both of whom hail from Barnsley, Eng. Although the stake was only £4, yet the encounter was a brisk one. About fifty very rapid rounds were fought, and both men were blinded. Wormald, however, won

SCULLER'S RACE FOR £100.—The sculling match, for £50 a side, between Ben Edwards and Dave Coombes, was decided on the Thames on December 28. It was a disgraceful affair from the start to the finish, resembling that between Hamill and Brown at Pittsburgh. Edwards was evidently the better man of the two, but Coombes, having secured the best of the start, wouldn't allow Ben to pass him. A claim of foul was made by each, but it being so palpably Coombes' fault, the referee, unlike Caughey, decided the race in Edwards' favor—a decision, the justice of which was acknowledged by all who witnessed the contest. It seems as difficult now-a-days to secure a fair and manly race on the other side as among our own oarsmen, fouls, wrangles and bickerings disgracing almost every struggle of importance which has taken place for months past.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOMETHING NEW.—Be sure and read this. On receipt of 25c. I will send the recipe for making the Magic Invisible Ink. O. A DUNANE, Box 2,578, St. Louis, Mo. 42 2*

NOTICE.—PROF. MANSSY'S CELEBR

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J. W. Carner,
Frank Colwell,
Tommy Winnette,
Wm. Lake,
M. B. Thompson,
C. W. Montague,
L. S. Levitt,
C. T. Slocum,
J. Cornellson,
John H. Hunter,
Dan Castello,
Wm. H. Peake,
Mendelssohn Club,
J. H. Haverly,
Fred. Kent,
Harry Evans,
Levi J. North,
E. T. Gooderich,
Dave Hawley,
J. W. Carter, (3),
Geo. Crane,
John Saunders, (2),
Geo. H. Clark, (2),
Charley Birch.
W. B. Carroll,
D. A. Keyes,
Wm. H. Hough,
Chas. Fyffe,
W. H. Otis,
F. H. Colton,
Chas. Covell, (2),
Billy Cook,
Chas. Chase,
A. S. Caspar,
Augustin Daly,
C. B. Forrest,
Harry French,
Johnny McGrau,
Dick Ralph,
James Watters,
Louise May,
Blanche Chapman,
Alice Christine,
Belle V. Cotton,
Kate Carr,
Maggie Clark,
Annie Clair,
Frances Le Roy,
M. C. De Le Moine,
Caroline Hayes.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Jan. 20, 1868.

NIGHT in the swamp! Were you ever down our way at night, when the labors of the day are ended, and the delvers and toilers have left for their homes, far, far away? It is here, in the swamp, that we sit in our cosy office, and hold sweet converse with our multitude of readers in every part of the habitable globe. *Why* do we call this spot a swamp? "Our Jim," who is peering over our shoulder, supposing our question to be a conundrum, says—"Because there's nothing like it for leather." What the connection between leather and swamp is, we are unable to determine, and Jim is not in a fit condition to reply. Not many years ago—and there is many a white-headed old fellow who can tell all about it—the spot where we now are, and thereunto adjacent, was a nasty, dismal swamp, too nasty for even the cattle of those days to wander in, for they used to go around it, and by so doing made that crooked street we now call Pearl, which, beginning about the Battery somewhere, goes around by the East River, and ends at Broadway opposite the New York City Hospital. But "things is changed since them days," as Bill Ogleby says, and the swamp is now a healthy old spot. Bulls and bears frequent its tortuous paths, and other members of animated nature vegetate in the swamp like "lords of the ile," as the early settlers of Petroleum Centre might be called. Throughout this region you will, during daylight, see the rush of business and hear the hum of labor and machinery overhead and underground, and all around. You would never suppose that this busy hive had once been a swamp, although there is many a man swamped in it even in these days of prosperity. What a place it is! Steam hissing out of windows, roofs, cellars, and even street sewers; great express trucks and men loaded down with the world's mental food in the shape of newspapers, and drays lumbering along with the human understanding in the way of leather; pedlers of all sorts, from the man who imitates birds and dogs with tin kettles tied to their tails to the man who earns his victuals by whittling with his toes; bankers running to bank; brokers rushing to broke; pressmen pressing their way along; feeders hurrying to feed at noon time; fly boys flying like soiled and greasy Pucks; actors, actresses, minstrels, circus men heading for the CLIPPER office to pay their compliments and little bills. All this "down in the hollow, close by the swamp." But when the shriek of the whistle and clang of the bell has died away, what a change is there, my countrymen! Every house, like a great hive, pours forth its quota of busy bees in the guise of men and boys, women and girls, and soon all is hushed, for the toiler is no loiterer, and then you see the swamp at night. All is quiet, dull and black, save some little pork and beans restaurant, that looks like the eye of a policeman's lantern, so small and bright it is amid all the darkness. And this pork and beans depot, dear reader, is kept open the night long, so that the printers, who "set up" for all the world, may find refreshment if not repose. But "Our Jim" will turn the crank of our poetic machine, and regale you with original poems while we take a rest, as the musician said, but for taking which rest the ignorant manager discharged the music man, as he said he paid him to play, and *not* to rest:—

DAY AND NIGHT IN THE SWAMP.

Steam hissing and blowing and groaning,
Like monsters'—imprisoned—deep moaning,
Men rushing and working and swearing,
And all things a busy air wearing;
Drays creaking, so heavy they're loaded—
And horses to madness 'most goaded—
Crowds everywhere hurriedly rushing,
Every one some place fast pushing.
Hurry, scurry, tussle, bustle,
Bustle, tussle, work and romp,
Tussle, bustle, jostle, rustle,
In the day-time in the swamp.

All stillness and darkness and quiet—
So dark that no gaslamps defy it—
No noise but the subdued tones of "press;"
The streets seem in black mourning dress
For the crowds they have lost—they have sorrow
As though that the bright, cheerful morrow
Would not end their now quiet grief,
And give them some noisy relief.
No hurry, no scurry, no flurry, no worry,
No sound save the watchman's lone tramp,
No tussle, no bustle, no jostle, no rustle,
In the night time down in the swamp.

......But we don't often remain in the swamp at night. No; since our last, we have "shook the swamp," and many a night we did a skating go. Oh! 'tis sweet to go a skating—to glide gracefully along the pellucid (we *think* that's the word) ice, while gazing on an angel face made lovelier still by Lunar's silvery rays. "What's Lunar?" asks the inquisitive Jim, who sees all we do. "*Who* is Lunar? you mean, Jim," is our reply; "Lunar is the moon." "Oh," responds Jimmy, "I wish *I* could make a silvery raise. Now see here, suppose the man in the moon should get trusted by Dutch John for swi gl ss bier—why would that pious act remind you of a crazy person? Because 'twould be a Lunar tick." Let's see, where did we leave off? Skating, we believe, on a pellucid lake, which isn't very lucid to the ignorant reader. But Jim's nonsense has knocked our ideas into a fine frenzy, and we must once more resort to our well-tried and trusty machine for what we intended to put in prose on the subject of

SKATING.

Dashing, crashing, sunlight flashing,
Ruddy cheeks from warmest blood;
Riding, sliding, quickly gliding
O'er the now sepulchred flood;
Still keep skating, never waiting,
Darting, flying like a bird;
No cold's tingle while the jingle
Of the skates on ice is heard.

Dancing, prancing, softly glancing
At the fairy at our side;
"Rolling," trolling, sweet words doling
As with arms linked fast we glide;
Breezes blowing, ankles showing,
In excruciating trim;
Now we're slipping or we're tripping
Up and off, then, with a vim.

Skating, prating, never waiting—
Motion only will suffice;
Bringing singing to the ringing
Of the skates on crispy ice.
Here's to skating, that a rating
Gives old care in scarce a trice,
Strength'ning sinew, long continue
Biggest sort of thing on ice!

......The event of the week in dramatic circles was the attempt of the manager of Niblo's to produce the "White Fawn" on Friday evening, Jan. 17th. In another place we give full particulars of the abortive efforts to present the spectacle in its entirety. The manager, in his endeavors to surpass the "Black Crook," undertook a great deal more than he was able to perform, and the result was, for that occasion, a failure. The audience, composed for the most part of the male persuasion, was noisy, and in some instances, a trifle rough; they expressed themselves somewhat forcibly in hissing and applauding what displeased them or gratified them. One act of indecency on the part of some of the members of Palmer & Jarrett's so-called Parisienne *ballet* troupe was very properly hissed, for Niblo's has not yet become a bawdy house, we hope. And here we would suggest to Manager Wheatley that, if he has any control over his associates in the proprietorship of this *ballet* troupe, he should let them understand that publicly decency is not to be outraged in his theatre by such lascivious acts as were exhibited on Friday evening, to the disgust of even a New York audience. Elsewhere you will find a notice of the proceedings connected with the bringing out of the "White Fawn." Now that the *ballet* girls—or, as a friend of our's who cannot pronounce French calls them, the *bellet* girls—are once more brought to our notice, we presume the press, the bar and the pulpit will renew their discussion relative to the lavish display of physical charms, and have a single eye—like Fernando Wood—to the rights of the people, etc. Whether the "White Fawn" shall prove a lasting success or not, Manager Wheatley derived sufficient manavolens from the "Black Crook" to enable him to lie in peace under the shade of his own palm, or watch the world glide smoothly along with nothing to jar it. Lines commemorative and so forth:—

The "White Fawn" can't amount to much—
One never would have thought it—
We *know* it's weak, because it takes
Some hundreds to support it.

......The Worrell Sisters, in order to give us more brilliancy at their New York Theatre, are about to "Pick wick" "Under the Gas Light"—that is, we are to have Daly's "Pickwick Papers" brought to light. Rhymes:—

At Worrell's they are cutting up
The queerest kind of capers—
They hope to convert into cash
Some old and worn out "Papers."

You can laugh over these little squibs, or you can look at them in a serious mood, and weep; whatever you do is at your own risk......Another feature of the week just past was the *rentree*, as we say in French, of Lester Wallack, in the "Captain of the Watch" and "Woodcock's Little Game." However, the best place to see Oliver twist is in the Circus. ["Laugh when you can."] Feeling lines touching the "Captain of the Watch" and "Woodcock's Little Game," by a gentleman of this city:—

At Wallack's they have changed the bill—
And not without some reason,
Since the "Captain's Watch" is just in time,
And "Woodcock's Game" in season.

It is no trouble for us to get off these little hits, you will perceive. Nothing is a task for us, no subject a poser. Whether in the living or dead languages, prose, poetry, astronomy, or victuals, we are equally at home with one and all. "Make rhymes on Tony Pastor," says a Constant Reader. "Certainly," is our response. Listen:—

Against theatres and the like,
Our preachers now rail faster;
But that's all fudge, for even one
Is now kept by a Pastor.

'Give Butler a shot," says the lad that was born without a shirt. 'Do you mean Bottled Butler?" "No, spoony," rejoins the vindictive little shirtless boy, "I mean Bob, over at 472." "Oh!"

Bob Butler is a rising man—
We tell it unto you:
He jumped from 4 and 44
Way up to '72.

"Kin yer, now, make rhymes, now, kin yer, now, kin yer make rhymes onto the Comic Theatre now?" is the disjointed queery of a newsboy. "Do you mean the Theatre *Comeek?*" "Theatre *Comeek?* NO!" The *Comic* Theatre, where Hanlon and the dogs is. Don't yer know?" "Ah, yes; Sam Sharpley's place."

At the Theatre Comique, up in famed Broadway street,
Where three men are a flying in air,
If you are not noodles, you will see some fine poodles
Doing tricks that are funny and rare;
There's one little fellow, neither white nor yet yellow—
We believe he's the star of the troupe—
Who jumps over girdles, and garters and hurdles,
Likewise through a flaming big hoop.

......Owing to the crowded state of our inside, as the boys on the Five Points said after eating a hearty Christmas dinner, we'll turn from this light repast, and give you some of the substantials.

RISTORI, who has become famous for making last appearances, gave her third last farewell performance at the French Theatre on the 18th. Due notice of her next appearance will be given.

LESTER WALLACK, after a long absence from the boards, commenced a series of performances at his own theatre on the 13th inst., and met with a hearty reception at the hands of a large audience. He will remain until further notice. As heretofore, he invests all his characters with the Lester Wallack features.

SOPHIE WORRELL, who has been on a flying trip to Havana, returned to this city on the 17th. "Ah! how, Sophia, could you leave your lovers?" etc.

BATEMAN kindly informs us that he has "interrupted his Boston season, in order to reproduce the 'Duchess of Gerolstein' in New York." The gentleman should have said that the interruption was caused by the non-success of the troupe in Boston. Managers are not likely to give up a good thing for an uncertainty.

MANAGER PIKE, at his new opera house, is still running the Lagrange-Brignoli Opera Troupe, with Brignoli left out, owing to previous "indisposition." As an opera house, pure and simple, we do not predict a success for the new place; if Mr. Pike intends to rely upon opera altogether for his profits, our opinion is that he will be sorely disappointed. Opera goers, or the *elite* of society as they are sometimes called, have never supported opera properly in this or any other city in this country. Look at the Academy of Music, built expressly for that sort of entertainment. See what a failure it has been. Unable to get interest for their money by depending on the *elite*, the directors were obliged to let the house for dog and monkey shows, acrobatic, gymnastic, dramatic, and almost every other style of entertainment, and the new opera house will fare no better. Already the novelty of the new place is wearing out, and the attendance is not what it should be for a new enterprise. No man is willing to pay for the privilege of entertaining the *elite*, and before long Mr. Pike will probably be looking elsewhere than to opera for sources of revenue. His establishment is the most beautiful theatrical property in the country, but he must give the public something more than a new building if he expects to make it pay.

LODGINGS THROWN IN.—In addition to the entertainment given the patrons of Niblo's on Friday night last, lodgings were furnished gratis.

"THE WHITE FAWN."—The first public performance of this fairy burlesque, spectacle, pantomime, gymnastic, acrobatic, dramatic, *ballet d' action*, etc., was attempted at Niblo's Garden on the 17th inst. Crammed to suffocation or repletion are ancient and well-used fancies, and scarcely represent our meaning. If every one had been good enough to have passed himself through a mangle and come out half his original size, and all the ladies had come clad as scantily as those of the *ballet* on the stage, the lessee would have taken it as a personal favor. Whether one looked far and away into the gallery where the "gods" were seething with anticipation, or cast an eye down into the parquet, or noticed the closely packed circles, or the aisles crowded with camp stools, one could see that every face was aglow with expectation of the promised beauties to be revealed. Long before eight o'clock it was impossible to obtain even standing room in the vast lobby. The performance commenced a few minutes after eight o'clock. The play is founded on a fairy story of a Queen who is barren and prays for a child. The good fairies finally give their consent—a daughter is born—and the fairy informs the Queen that if the Princess is permitted to mix with society before she is fifteen years old, terrible things will befall the child. To guard against all danger, a subterreanean palace is built for the Princess, wherein she is housed. Only a few days before she reaches her fifteenth year she is discovered by a young Prince of great wealth, and they immediately become enamored of one another. As the Princess goes to meet the Prince she is met by a witch, who turns her into a white fawn. The Prince becomes inconsolable for the loss of his love, summons his Court, goes on a hunting expedition, and, meeting the white fawn, catches a[illegible]sforms her into the Princess. This is the plot of th[illegible]d it is as trashy as the general run of spectacular piec[illegible] its literary merit is concerned. The curtain rises o[illegible]ominions of King Dingdong (Mark Smith), the King of Bell Isle. A host of subjects are discovered, and presently Dingdong enters, covered from head to foot with a myriad of bells, which, as he moves about, keep up a continual jingling. He possesses a snuff box, to which is also attached a bell, and, as he frequently opens it to take a pinch, a stroke of the bell is heard. The *ballet* next appears, led by M'lles. Billon, Sohlke, Fontani, and M. Van Hamme. This is a handsome scene, painted in yellow, and the dance of the *corps de ballet*, with caps of small bells, is certainly one of the most novel and attractive in the whole piece. This is the prologue, which ends with the building of a tower by a number of boys, who appeared with every kind of carpenters' tools, and as the tower begins to grow in size the curtain descends. It took just thirty minutes to play the prologue. After a wait of twenty-eight minutes the first act commenced. This was called the "Yellow Empire;" afterward changed to the "Enchanted Lake," which is a beautiful scene. The beauty of the lime lights were here shown to decided advantage, and the effect was the most grand we ever saw. When Bonfanti glided upon this lake and commenced to dance, the effect was electrical; she looked like a fairy flitting through the air. The dance of the *corps de ballet*, with small bright lights arranged upon their heads to represent fire flies, was also very handsome. The procession of the Princess and attendants was excellent, the dresses surpassing anything of the kind ever before seen in this country. The transformation of the Princess into the White Fawn terminates this act, which played one hour and seven minutes. During the act Lizzie Wilmore sang, and an attempt to *encore* it was hissed down. After a wait of twenty-five minutes the second act was commenced, the first scene representing the Fish Kingdom. About thirty-five persons dressed as fishes of every kind showed in a march. Bonfanti and the full *corps de ballet* appeared in the "Dance de Poissons," which was very well executed and loudly applauded. The *Cancan* was executed by Sohlke and Van Hamme, and created the greatest enthusiasm. It was a capital take off of Tostee and Gen. Baum in the "Grand Duchesse," and was the hit of the evening so far as the dancing was concerned. It closed the act, but so great was the enthusiasm that it had to be repeated. It was during this act that quite an excitement took place. Geo. Vining Bowers is brought in seated upon a carpenter's wooden horse, and, during his remarks, resorted to gagging by saying, "I will fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." This was immediately taken up by the audience, who hissed him lustily. Then some one proposed three cheers for General Grant, which were given, but considerable hissing was indulged in. The excitement then became great, and not a word that was said on the stage could be heard. During the hissing and applauding, a well known gentleman seated in the parquet arose and proposed three cheers for Andy Johnson, which were given with a will, completely drowning the hissing. In a few minutes the excitement subsided, and the show went on. It was half past eleven when the second act closed. At six minutes of twelve the curtain rose on the third and last act, which was the Kingdom of Aika. There are four dances and two marches in this act. Then commenced the pantomime, in order to give the carpenters time to prepare the transformation scene. The three Hemmings Brothers and Amy Bennett appeared in the Harlequinade, who performed a number of circus and acrobatic acts, none of which were new or interesting, but as old as the gags of any circus clown. Mr. Harry Hemmings was hissed twice for indulging in a little business while dressed as a female, which the audience would not tolerate. It is a great mistake for the funny man to think that he must resort to a style of playing that may cause the gallery to laugh but is sure to meet with disappointment from those of a more refined taste. Miss Wilmore was also hissed in the second act for a speech of hers not relished by the audience. So was Van Hamme, Sohlke and Billon for some of the *poses* which, difficult and graceful as *they* may have thought them to be, were a little too much of a good thing for a portion of the audience. After the pantomime had been playing nearly forty minutes,—during all of which time it was hissed by the audience for the bungling manner in which it was done, together with the failure of the tricks to work, and the falling of a set scene which fortunately did not strike any one,—the curtain was lowered, the scene uprighted, and the pantomime was continued; but everything worked badly and the audience kept up the hissing. Finally after boring the audience until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, the curtain was again lowered at even minutes of two, and Mr. Wheatley came forward and thanked the audience for the generous and hearty (?) manner they had received the play, and stated that for the past twenty minutes he had with eighty carpenters and twenty gas men been trying to get the tranformation scene ready, but it was an impossibility, and he would therefore have to dismiss the audience without it. The audience, who had with the greatest forbearance sat over six hours expressly to see the last scene, retired to the street to find a cold, blustering morning, with no omnibuses running, and many had to take a long walk to reach their homes. Very unwisely, a second performance took place on Saturday afternoon, terminating with the Palace of Aika, omitting the tranformation scene, and, with commendable judgment, the pantomime. The same was done on Saturday evening. The house was well attended, but not so crowded as on the first night. The manager announces that hereafter the third act will end with the Palace of Aika, the pantomime will be omitted altogether, and another act added, which will consist of the transformation scene. Of the acting as little can be said in its praise as of the piece itself. Handsomer dresses, more magnificent armors and general mountings, have never before been seen in this country. The scenery does not begin to compare with that of the "Black Crook." The Enchanted Lake in the first act is the only meritorious one, but there were several in the "Crook" that far surpassed it. The dancing is very good, but no better than given in the "Crook," except the *Cancan*. The piece itself being of such a trashy nature, it was impossible to look for any great action. What Mark Smith as Lord Twaddledum, Mary Wells as Queen Saffronilla, and Lizzie Wilmore as Finetta had to do, was well done. As Fanny Stockton lost her father by death only the night previous to the first performance of this piece, her short comings should be overlooked. Mena Montague and Lucy Egerton, two young ladies brought to this country from Europe, (because no two actresses in this country could be found competent(? ?) to fill the *roles*), appeared as the Princess Aika and Prince Leander, but they failed to make the least impression. They are both good looking, but that is all. Miss Egerton attempted to sing, but having a voice of no power, she could not be heard twenty feet from the stage. Scarcely a word that Miss Montague uttered was heard, and to make it still worse, exclamations of "louder," "louder," could be heard coming from all parts of the house. If either one of these ladies possesses the least talent either as an actress or vocalist, the audience failed to discover it; to us they appeared more like amateurs. Lizzie Wilmore sang 'I love the military," in such a charming manner as to be loudly *encored*. Another and a greater failure were the Hemmings Brothers, who were engaged in Europe to show us Yankees something wonderful in the pantomimic way, but as they did nothing but what we have seen equally as well if not better performed by native talent in this city years and years ago, they were at once set down as failures, and in proof of this the manager has withdrawn them from the piece, and will either send them back to England or play them in Boston and elsewhere. It is singular that American managers, especially one who has had the experience that Mr. Wheatley has, will go to England and engage two actresses and three pantomimists when he can at considerable less expense engage far better people here. Tony Denier is a hundred per cent better clown than Harry Hemmings, and performs more tricks than all three of the brothers put together; but *he* is an American. There are several others in this country possessed of more real merit than the London importations. To sum the "White Fawn" up in a nut shell, it is by no means as grand a spectacle (excepting, of course, the transformation scene) as the "Black Crook," nor will it ever have the run that piece had. A translation of this piece—"Biche au Bois"—was produced at one of the London theatres several years ago, while under Bunn's management, and called "The Princess who was Changed Into a Deer." Notwithstanding it was placed upon the stage in a handsome manner it was dammed the first night.

THE PRESENT WEEK will be the last but one of the performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Olympic Theatre, as Maggie Mitchell has been secured for a brief engagement, to commence on February 3d. So all who wish to see one of the finest spectacular productions witnessed in this city for some time must improve the present opportunity. Since the last performances of this piece have been announced the attendance has been improving and it promises to die as gracefully and successfully as "Black Crook" in its dying moments.

LOTTA, whose very name is a synonym for fun and frolic, commences an engagement at the Broadway Theatre on the 27th inst. as Little Nell and the Marchioness in "Old Curiosity Shop," a performance that attracted crowded houses at Wallack's last summer for several weeks. It was a fortunate stroke for the management of the Broadway to secure this sprightly little actress, as her style just suits the tastes of play-goers now-a-days. Business has been bad at this establishment since the present season commenced, and if Lotta is properly supported by the present company—which, in several respects, is very weak—she will no doubt in a measure revive its failing fortunes.

THE "PICKWICK PAPERS," a dramatization of Dickens' novel by Augustin Daly, is announced for production at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre on the 22d inst., with the following cast:—Jingle, J. K. Mortimer; Sam Weller, C. T. Parsloe; Nathan Winkle, Wm. Carleton; Tracy Tupman, Chas. Peters; Pickwick, Harry Ryner; Bob Sawyer, Geo. Clark; Ben Allen, T. L. Donnelly; Tony Weller, E. Varrey; Mary, Jennie Worrell; Arabella Allen, Celia Logan; and Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Wright. The piece has been some time in preparation, and will be put upon the stage with new scenery and novel effects. Among the several incidents of the drama will be "Bob Sawyer's Party," the trial of "Bardell vs. Pickwick" and "The Christmas Festivities at Dingle Dell," with a skating dance.

LUCILLE WATSON, who is said to be an intrepid equestrienne, possessing youth and beauty, puts in a first appearance at the New York Circus this evening in a dashing act of equestrianism. There will also be an entire change in the programme, the pantomime giving place to new acts by the equestrians, gymnasts and acrobats, and new (?) jokes by the clowns.

THE HANLON COMBINATION continue to attract not only large but very enthusiastic audiences to the Theatre Comique. They open the third week of their engagement there this evening, producing in addition to the many acts performed last week the act called "The Spiral Mountain," similar to that performed by the Buislay family in this city, excepting that it is to be brilliantly illuminated. This act is to be performed by young Ethardo. A pantomime entitled "A Perpetual Torment" is also to be performed, introducing all the company in the cast. The three great features of this show, viz., "The Three Flying Men of the Air," M'lle Gertrude and her dogs, and Gurr's aquatic feats continued last week to elicit the greatest enthusiasm.

GEORGE W. THOMPSON, a recognized Bowery favorite, commences an engagement this evening at Tony Pastor's Opera House, in a comic drama written by himself, entitled 'The Shipwrecked Dutchman; or, From New York to Constantinople." George will play the leading *role*, and as he has been a favorite with the east side audiences for several seasons he will no doubt meet with a good reception. Sam Collyer and his two pupils were favorably received the past week, being called out each evening and their several acts *encored*. Tony is doing a good business and is deserving of it, for he gives the best entertainment to be seen on the east side of the town, and as good as any of its kind in the city.

MR. AND MRS. EDWIN BLANCHARD and their canine celebrities, Carlo and Nero, are attractive cards, and are now amusing the denizens of New York at the Old Bowery Theatre. On the 5th proximo they appear before the Quaker City public, at Fox's American Theatre, after which time they are open for engagements. Managers will do well to make a note on 't.

FRANK BATES, one of the managers of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., returns to the Pacific Slope on the 21st inst., having concluded all his business sooner than he expected. Through Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds, the dramatic agents, he has secured some of the best [illegible] the country [illegible]his theatre.

A MINSTREL AND VARIETY AGENCY has been established in this city by Messrs. Wild, Eagan & Leavitt, through whom can be procured anything necessary in these lines of business, and negotiations may be entered into for engagements. Read their card in our advertising columns.

A RUMOR having gone about that Messrs. Sharpley, Cotton and White had relinquished the management of the Theatre Comique, in this city, we would state that they are still lessees and managers, and have no idea of giving it up for some time yet. The closing up of the minstrel troupe was done for the purpose of re-organizing for Boston, where Sharpley and Cotton's Minstrels will shortly appear. They will continue to hold the Theatre Comique, believing that by constantly producing novelty, as they have commenced with the Hanlon Combination, they will not only please the public, but give the Revenue Collector larger returns.

IF continued laughter be taken as a criterion of success, then Kelly and Leon's Minstrels have attained it, for with the witticisms of Seymour, Purdy, Geo. Christy and Sam Price, no one can keep from laughing. Purdy has made a favorable impression upon the frequenters of this establishment by his singing of Irish songs on the end. His olio business has always pleased. Master Lou is a capital imitator of the mocking bird; he was *encored* several times each evening the past week. A very laughable sketch called the "Theatrical Agency," performed last week, with George Christy, Sam Price, G. W. H. Griffin and W. H. Brockway as the principal perpormers, was so well received that it is announced for the present week. It is one of the funniest acts we have witnessed for some time. This week James H. Butworth joins the company, appearing in the negro sketch of "The Victim," in which he will give imitations of several actors and sing "Father Come Home," "Pat Malloy," "Meet me in the Lane" and "Champagne Charlie."

THE INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC AGENCY, under the superintendence of Messrs. Lowell & Simmonds, is a convenient institution for the profession to patronize, as it is located at No. 609 Broadway. They are the agents for the newly-arrived Hanlon Brothers and others; they also have copies of "The White Fawn" for sale. Other particulars will be found enumerated in their advertisements elsewhere.

THE LONG ESTABLISHED AGENCY for theatrical and circus affairs, as well as other matters in the amusement world, known as Frank Rivers & Co.'s, "still lives." It is located at No. 13 West Houston street, and there managers and professionals can have their respective wants supplied. For an idea of the business of this firm, and for whom they are agents, read their advertisements in another column.

ELIZA NEWTON is at present in this city.

IN TOWN.—Dan Rice, the well known humorist, is at present in this city, looking as gay and as young as ever. He will shortly leave for Washington to see what his prospects are for the Presidency, as a number of papers in the western part of Pennsylvania and this State have him announced as an independent candidate.

WHILE the artists engaged at Niblo's are showing up the "White Fawn" in white, the San Francisco Minstrels are indulging in a little Black Fawning by singing it to the tune of old hundred. Backus' imitations of Dickens and other showmen of note form one of the specialties announced for the last week these imitations are equal to any we have ever heard. Bobby Newcomb's songs and dances, Cooper and Fields' clog dancing, and the burlesque *prima donna* business by Rice, are all good acts, and always received with applause by the audience. Business was first rate last week, better than it has been for two weeks.

M'LLE LOWISE, the drummer girl, who has been in the business for some time, put in an appearance at Butler's American Theatre last week. Fred Maeder's sketch of "The Arrival of Dickens" was also produced. For the current week a number of new acts are announced, among which will be a stump speech by Charley Pettengill, vocalisms by Vivian, and niggerisms by Johnny Thompson, Frank Kerns and others. Bob Hart having fallen and broken his arm, has not been able to perform for some time.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE closed at the Academy of Music, on the 18th inst., and have gone down through the Eastern country. During their last week they produced the late Vincent Wallace's new opera of the "Desert Flower," but it failed to please. "The Bohemian Girl" was sang to a large audience for the benefit of Miss Richings. The benefit of Mrs. Helene Wallace, widow of the composer, was very poorly attended on the 15th inst.

A DRAMATIC COLLEGE, properly conducted by experienced parties, is calculated to be a useful institution. Such an one has just been established at 600 Broadway, by Prof. J. H. Warwick, whose card will be found in our advertising columns.

Dramatic.

OUR CHICAGO advices are up to Jan. 15, and are furnished us by our correspondent "Lotterer," who says:—"I announced the last nights of 'Undine' in my letter of the 8th inst., but much to the gratification of the people of Chicago the papers gave notice of four gala nights this week devoted to benefits, as follows:—Jan. 13th, M'lle Venturoli; 14th, Sig. Hernandez; 15th (to-night), Emily Thorne, and 16th, M'lle Wesmael. M'lle Venturoli was unfortunate in selecting Monday night, always the poorest night of the week, and, therefore, was not greeted with such an audience as she deserved. Last night Hernandez had a large audience. In the third act he introduced the serenade scene from 'Vol au Vent,' in which he performs on ten different instruments. In the last act his guitar solo received four *encores*, playing Home Sweet Home' and 'Yankee Doodle' on one string for the fourth *encore*. In this feat he takes rank with the late Bishop Buckley, with his one-string violin, and Wehli's left-hand performance on the piano. Johnny Burke, heavy man and general factotum for Manager Hess, left for Pittsburgh on the 13th, fully prepared to bill the city for 'Undine,' and the *ballet* troupe at the Academy of Music for one week only, beginning Jan. 20th. McKee Rankin, Miss Thorne, Miss Putnam, Mr. Bratonne, Mr. Jackson and nearly all the present troupe will go with the spectacle......Walter Bray, of California, made his first appearance at the Museum on the 13th, as Anatole Latour in 'Husband to Order,' and proved to be very acceptable. Mrs. Clara Stoneall and Mrs. Barry reappeared, and were both received with round after round of applause. 'Husband to Order' and 'Jonathan Bradford' are on the bills for the week...... Dan Bryant is doing 'Handy Andy' and other light Irish pieces at McVicker's, to fair houses. Edwin Booth and Mary McVicker appear soon......Billy Arlington and party passed through last week, *en route* for Milwaukee......Gilmore's Promenade Concert and Charity Ball comes off at the Opera House on Jan. 20th. The parquet and stage will be floored especially for this affair, after which the German Turners use it for a masked ball."

EDWIN BOOTH commenced his engagement in Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 7th, as Romeo, supported by Miss Mary McVicker as Juliet. Our correspondent, under date of Jan. 11th, informs us that "There was a fine house and some excellent acting. On Wednesday evening he played Shylock, and Miss McVicker Portia. The dress circle and parquet were full. On Thursday, 'Richelieu' drew even a better house, and gave greater satisfaction than the others. At his benefit on Friday the house was fuller and more fashionable than on any previous evening, although he repeated Shylock. This afternoon he appeared in a *matinee*, as Claude Melnotte, to a fair audience, and this evening he played Richard to the largest audience ever assembled in the theatre. The critic must be indeed captious who undertakes to point out defects in Mr. Booth's acting. Some there are who think he is too tame at first, but I do not agree with them. He follows the dramatist, and warms with the approaching climax, which reached, he is overwhelming. Our newspapers, with one exception, and that praises everything, no matter how absurd, have not been pleased with Miss Mary McVicker, and for a day or two, after speaking slightingly of her, have ignored her altogether. She is, in my opinion, a charming little actress, and for one so young, truly artistic. Her features are not regular, and her figure is *petite*, but she has an eloquent eye. Her voice is musical, full toned, and her emphasis true and marked. If I were to object, it would be at her length of stride (ungallant, perhaps, for me to say so,) which makes her appear, as if like Sontag. When a girl she wore high heels and cork soles, to give her height. Her Pauline was equal to anything I ever saw, and in some respects better. Mr. Booth will appear as Hamlet on the 13 h inst."

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 13th inst., and is reported to have attracted fair houses during the week.

HARRISON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed in Little Falls, N. Y., on the 13th and 15th; Fort Plain, 14th; and opened in Herkimer on the 16th for three nights.

MAGUIRE & CO. have just opened a dramatic agency in Boston, Mass., and solicit the patronage of professionals, particularly those in the Eastern country. Their address will be found in an advertisement elsewhere.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY to accompany a lady for a year is advertised for in the CLIPPER by O. E. Dean.

MILLS' DRAMATIC TROUPE collapsed in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 10th inst., and he has started out with a variety show. Among his company are the Hager Bros., E. C. Buell and John Denier. They open in Fond du Lac, Wis., on the 13th, for one week, going thence to Askosh and Green Bay.

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., John Brougham's latest production, the "Lottery of Life," after considerable preparation, was presented at the National Theatre on the 13th inst. to one of the largest houses of the season. Our correspondent "Novice" writes:—"The receipts must have been very large, for the theatre was actually filled to the ceiling, and I never saw a new play run off more smoothly. Everything worked splendidly, and praise is due to the machinists, Messrs. Kelly and Gross. The principal characters were distributed as follows:—Terry, Mr. John Brougham; Mordie Solomons and Allcraft, Mr. W. E. Sheridan; Sir Wylton Downe, Mr. C. L. Allen; Robert Morgan, Mr. Frank Foster; Bob Mawley, Mr. E. Lamb; Oil Tommy, Mr. E. J. Parker; Dodgers, Mr. G. A. Parkhurst; Miss Tartar, Mrs. Grattan; Polly O'Halloran, Mrs. Viola Barrett; Emily Summers, Miss Plunkett. The piece has been given nightly to the great delight of large audiences. It is already said the play will soon be withdrawn, but I do not see why it should be while so successful. Much of the scenery is new and admirable, and exhibits much more art than is usually seen in theatres. In the concert saloon performance Miss Annie St. Clair appears in a fancy dance, Master Martin in a song and dance, Mr. Boyle in a jig dance, Mrs. Cline sings a ballad very prettily, Eph Horn gives 'Woman's Rights,' and Mrs. Viola Barrett sings a new song entitled 'Coal Oil Tommy,' which is rendered in such a pleasing manner as to call forth an *encore* nightly. The character of Terry is certainly in excellent hands and rendered to the life. In this, Mr. Brougham is excellent. I cannot praise too highly the acting of Mr. W. E. Sheridan in the dual *roles* assumed. In both he is grand; although at times considerable Sheridan is noticeable. Mr. E. Lamb as Bob Mawley is very successful and nightly the recipient of liberal applause. ......Wall's Opera House was opened on the 13th inst., by the Wallack and Davenport Combination, with Tom Taylor's successful comedy 'Still Waters Run Deep,' with the following cast: J. W. Wallack as Mildmay, E. L. Davenport as Hawksley, Mr. T. Placide as Potter, Emily Mestayer as Mrs. Sternhold, and Blanche Grey as Mrs. Mildmay. The same bill was repeated on the 14 h inst. On the two evenings following, Boucicault's comedy of 'How She Loves Him' was given with an excellent cast. Miss Blanche Gray appeared as Mrs. Vacil and acquitted herself with much credit. In the personation of this *role* Miss Grey has won great celebrity. Mrs. E. F. Beach enacted the part of Atalanta Cruiser in a very creditable manner. Mr. J. W. Wallack as Vacil and Mr. E. L. Davenport as Yawley were, as usual, thoroughly good, and both received a hearty and very encouraging welcome. Miss Mestayer as Lady Raffleticket, Mr. T. Placide as Diogenes, Mr. A. D. Bradley as Sir Richard, Mr. W. Barron as Dick Heartly, and Mr. W. S. Higgins as Dr. Minnimum were no less successful, and the piece was presented with a delightful propriety that left nothing to be desired. The stage is under the immediate direction of Messrs. Wallack and Davenport, and the business of the management is carefully conducted by Mr. J. Schonberg."

ALL ARE ACHING now to see sensation dramas, therefore managers shou'd not forget that Aiken's dramas are of that order. Their titles are published in our advertising columns.

LUCILLE WESTERN opened in Newark, N. J., on the 14th inst., for three nights, in "East Lynne," to a good house. Our correspondent, "Rover," says:—"Miss Western's impersonation of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine was greeted with long and continued applause. The Archibald Carlyle of James Dunn was not exactly up to the required standard of the piece. Mr. Harrison as Sir Francis Levison, and George Pardey as Mr. Dill, were excellent. Isabel Preston, as Corney Carlyle, lent effective aid to the success of the play, and was greeted with applause. Miss Yeamans as Joyce Hallijohn; Mrs. Edward as Mrs. Hare, and Jenny Adams as Wilson, appeared to advantage in their respective parts. On the 16th inst., 'Oliver Twist' was brought out, with Miss Western as Nancy Sykes.

AT THE MOBILE, ALA., THEATRE, during the week ending Jan. 11th, business is said to have been only moderate. On Jan. 5th, "Rosedale" was produced, with Doud as Elliott Grey; Peterle as Miles McKenna; Norris as Mathew Leigh; Brooke, Romany, (with the chant of 'Luddy Fuddy;') Miss Bradshaw as Mary; Lotta Howland as Rosa Leigh, and Mrs. Bradshaw as Tabitha Stork. The play held the boards for four nights. On Jan. 10th, Oliver B. Doud, leading man, took a benefit, when the drama of the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" was produced, Doud appearing as Manuel. Our correspondent says:—"Since Mr. Doud's appearance in this city he has made many friends. The farce was the 'Liar;' Doud as Tactics; Mark Rooke appeared as Hooker. He takes a benefit in a few weeks, and it will, no doubt, be a rouser, for he has many friends. The theatre will be closed Jan. 13th and 14th, to make the necessary arrangements for the 'Black Crook.'"

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 14th, in "Cynthia, or Flowers of the Forrest." The company play in Gloucester, Mass., 20th; Salem, 21st and 22d; Lynn, 23d, 24th and 25th, and open in Taunton, 27th, for one week.

THE GOOD PEOPLE of Trenton, New Jersey, were entertained by the Philadelphia Dramatic Combination in a series of performances, commencing Wednesday, Jan. 15th, and continuing the remainder of the week. On Wednesday evening "Everybody's Friend and the Live Indian," were produced. Our correspondent writes:—"Mr. E. E. Hull deserves special notice for his rendition of Major Wellington De Boots. Miss Mary Mapleton as Mrs. Major De Boots, Miss Agnes Clare as Mrs. Swansdown, Miss Jennie Ethington as Mrs. Felix Featherly, Mr. Linville as Frank Icebrook, and Mr. J. Brooke as Felix Featherly performed to the satisfaction of the audience. The pieces were well sustained throughout, and received frequent applause. On the 16th 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room,' and 'P. P. or the Man and the Tiger,' were produced. On the 17th 'Rip Van Winkle' and 'The Live Indian,' and on the 18th 'The Streets of New York' and 'The Omnibus.'"

THE NEWARK, N. J., OPERA HOUSE, well adapted to dramatic displays, may be rented on application to H. B. Kimball, as per advertisement.

MAJOR HENRY LINDLEY AND FLORENCE WEBSTER, the former comedian and comic vocalist, the latter leading lady and soubrette, are performing at Canton, O., Opera House. Managers wishing to engage them should address as per advertisement.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS are at the Walnut, Philadelphia, where they opened on the 13th to a moderate audience.

JOHN E. OWENS, the great comedian, who met with unbounded success when in this city, is the present star at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, opening there on the 20th, as Caleb Plummer in "Dot, or the Cricket on the Hearth," and in the laughable extravaganza of the "Live Indian." The performances given by Mr. Owens ought to ensure large audiences.

THE ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE closed their regular season at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on the 18th. During their stay in that city they met with unusual success. An extra performance was to have been given by the troupe at Horticultural Hall, adjoining the Academy, on the 20th, the Academy being engaged that night for a ball.

LADY DON will close her Philadelphia engagement at the Arch on the 25th, and on the 27th "Under the Gaslight" will be given.

MESSRS. DAVIS & CO., the theatrical agents of Cincinnati, O., give evidence in our advertising columns that the times are improving out West, and by perusing the same it will be seen that the vacancies for talent are both numerous and varied.

THE AMERICAN VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, Pa., is being well patronized during the run of the *ballet* yclept, "Zozo," and the "Magic Pearl" pantomime, which will be kept on the boards for some time yet, or until the run shows signs of abatement. R. Fox and the Pilgrim Father know how to please their society of friends without striking on Plymouth or any other rock.

AMUSEMENTS IN NEW ORLEANS for the week ending January 11, owing to the many strangers brought to the city by the opening of the Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair, have been well patronized. Our correspondent "Roscius" says:—"The Varieties produced Falconer's drama of "Peep o' Day" on the 6th for the first time in this city. It has proved to be a great success. Large and enthusiastic audiences have attested their appreciation of its humor and pathos by repeated applause. It was well put upon the stage, the scenery being new and beautiful; and the company filled their several *roles* with ability and good taste. To-night (13th) Joseph Jefferson opens with his specialty, 'Rip Van Winkle'......At the St. Charles, 'The Black Crook,' with its splendid scenic effects, elaborate *ballet*, remarkable transformations and what not, succumbed on January 11. Farewell to all the fairy-like beauties that have for so many nights delighted our amusement seekers and country cousins. Farewell to tulle and spangles. Farewell to delightful *ballet* girls and symmetrical continuations. Sunday evening, 12th, was devoted to the benefit of Louisa Sylvester, the clever and fascinating *soubrette*, and on this occasion a bill of rare excellence was presented to her friends and patrons, the *beneficiaire* appearing in seven characters—Fanchon, in the "Cricket;" the *debutante*, in 'First Night,' and sustained five characters in 'In and Out of Place." The above circumstance affords me an opportunity to mention those qualities which Miss Sylvester has disclosed as an actress, which form the basis of the popularity which she has achieved and on which her claim to special recognition are founded. That her personal beauty has much to do with the popular enthusiasm which she has evoked there can be no doubt; this is, or should be, to the true artist a secondary consideration. The one prominent excellence which characterizes Miss Sylvester's acting is naturalness and a freedom from stagyness, which disarms anything like fault finding. One does not care to point out defects which can only be discerned, as it were, by means of a microscope. Another great feature in Miss Sylvester's personations is the celerity with which she enters into the humors, oddities and eccentricities of a character, and the life and vivacity with which she imbues her personations. Edwin Forrest commences an engagement to-night, opening as Richelieu......At the New Opera House, on January 6, 'Faust;' 7th, 'Lucia de Lammermoor;' 8th, 'Faust;' 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 'Huguenots;' and, 13th, 'Galathea' were performed......The new Variety company at the Academy of Music has been delighting well filled houses for the past week."

LOTTA terminated a good engagement in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 18th inst. Our correspondent, "Theo," says:—"On the 11th, 'Pocahontas' was produced in fine style with a full cast, Lotta appearing as Pocahontas and enacted the *role* well, not only being proficient in the character, but always ready to prompt others. The Powhattan of Ben. G. Rogers was excellent. On the 13th, 'Little Nell and the Marchioness' met with a fine reception. Lotta gained new laurels by her impersonation of the double *role*, while Ben. G. Rogers as Dick Swiveller acted the character to the satisfaction of all present.

CURRAN AND PALMER'S "Black Crook" party appeared in Auburn, N. Y., on the 16th, 17th and 18th. The performance as a whole is pronounced quite satisfactory. E. Evans' Hertzoy, Mrs. E. Evans' Dame Barbara and Carline by Miss Cavender were respectively good. The orchestral part of the performance is conducted by Prof. Otis. Manager Palmer is lying seriously ill at the Exchange Hotel, in that town.

THE LOTTI OPERA TROUPE were in Nashville last week.

THE "RED CROOK," a plagiarism on the "Black Crook," was produced in Nashville on the 16th, for the benefit of re-interment of Confederate soldiers.

THE ITALIAN AND GERMAN OPERATIC COMBINATION open at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, on the 22d inst. They give four operas and then go to Washington.

KATE REIGNOLDS appeared in "Nobody's Daughter" at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, during the past week. Her reception on the opening night is said to have been extremely flattering, and on the occasion of her benefit on the 19th, the theatre was crowded in every part. She continues this week at the Holliday.

MARSHALL AND DOYLE'S JAPANESE open at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 23d inst. E. P. Kendell, their agent, has distributed 3,000 colored posters in the City of Monuments.

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES have been gotten up in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, by a few clerks at Department Headquarters, assisted by a few members of Battery B, 4th Artillery. The only professionals engaged are Mr. and Mrs. Tannyhill. The first performance was given on Jan. 10th.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON closed the second and last week of her engagement at the Savannah Theatre on the 18th inst. On the 12th she appeared in "Madelaine" The "Neighbor's Wife" was also played, with Harry Clifford as Timothy Brown. On the 15th "Cricket on the Hearth" was given, with Charlotte Thompson as Dot, Harry Clifford as Caleb Plummer, O. B. Collins as Tackleton, Colin Stuart as John, Jennie Clifford as Bertha and Kate Raymond as Tilly Slowboy.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Cleveland, Ohio, the "Flying Scud" was reproduced on the 13th, with J. W. Hill as Tom Meredith and John Ellsler as Mo. Davis. "Under the Gaslight" was to have been produced for the first time in that city on the 20th inst.

THE OPERA HOUSE at Canton, Ohio, was occupied the past week with a dramatic company, who appeared in the "Merchant of Venice," "Octoroon," "Ten Nights in a Barroom" and "Hamlet," with Mortimer Murdoch and Rachel Denvil as the stars. On the 17th, says a correspondent, "A crowded house was drawn together to witness the hackneyed play of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' the attraction being Little Ella Salisbury (only 5 years old) as Eva, a part she has been playing very successfully out West. She created quite a *furore*, her acting being unlike most child artists, thoroughly intelligible, and her singing real vocalism. Her pathos and tenderness evinced itself in the tearful eyes of a large and most fashionable audience. Messrs. Mortimer Murdoch, T. Keene, Nunan, Bosworth, Barry, Stephens, Ward and Major Lindley, appeared in the cast, whilst the female characters were represented by Miss Denvil as Eliza, Mrs. Bosworth as Aunt Ophelia, Ada Marion as Mrs. St. Clair, and Florence Webster as Topsy.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, N. Y., that charming little *commedienne* and burlesque actress, Miss Eliza Newton, was the attraction last week, says our correspondent "Arry." "She appeared to great advantage in 'Love of a Prince,' 'Four Sisters,' 'Dot,' and 'Nymph of the Lurlieburg' to good audiences. Her best piece of acting was Sir Rupert the Reckless in the last named piece. Her *abandon* is very natural, while by making her points in a quick manner, she receives great applause. The support given her has been pretty good. Of individual merit I would mention Turner as Caleb Plummer, Mrs. C. Henri as Tilly Slowboy and Mrs. Chester as Bertha. For the *matinee* on the 18th, we have 'Dot' with Mrs. Jennie Carroll as the Cricket. Miss Newton brought with her a wardrobe of her own, purchased in Europe at an expense of $20 000, and sufficiently large to dress fifteen burlesques with forty-eight young ladies in the ballet. The dress worn by Mrs. Carroll was the finest thing of the kind we ever saw. Lucille Western is the star next (this) week."

J. W. CARTER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in East Saginaw, Mich., on the 17th inst., in "Don Cæsar De Bazan," with Yankee Miller as Don Cæsar, J. Sandbrook as Don Jose, and Miss Bryce as Maritana.

MARIETTA RAVEL terminated her brief engagement at Toledo, Ohio, on the 17th inst., with a performance of the "Broken Sword."

J. HOLMES GROVER, who finished his engagement at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., was tendered a complimentary benefit, which took place at the same house on the 18th inst. The following correspondence will explain the affair:—

"To J. HOLMES GROVER, ESQ.—We, the undersigned, citizens of Rochester, fully appreciating your qualities, both social and artistic, hereby tender you a complimentary benefit, to take place at the Opera House, on Saturday evening, Jan. 18th, 1868. (Signed), Henry L. Fish, Caleb Moore and others. We also annex the following: The evening's performance will consist of three pieces, with Mr. Grover in each, including two of them written by himself, and produced on this occasion, for the first time in Rochester, entitled, 'Don Paddy De Bazan,' and 'That Rascal Pat.' In addition to these the play of 'Jack Sheppard' will be brought out, with Miss Flora Myers in the title *role*. Such an attractive bill will doubtless draw out a large house."

"ROCHESTER, Jan. 14, 1868.

"To J. HOLMES GROVER, ESQ.—DEAR SIR—We, the undersigned, members of the company at the Opera House, desire to tender you our thanks for your gentlemanly deportment during your engagement with us, and trust that our best wishes for your future success may be shared by the public to an extent which your social and acting qualities fully deserve.

(Signed) J. C. MYERS, Manager.
D. NOURSE, Stage Manager.

And every member of the company."

The following is from the Rochester *Programme:* "Mr. Grover came among us almost a stranger, and during his short engagement here, has proven that his talents, as a comedian, are surpassed but by few in that line of the profession. His friends at first proposed to engage Corinthian Hall for this purpose, but Mr. Grover at once remonstrated, as it would seem unprofessional to accept a testimonial under other than the management of the Opera house, from whose hands nothing was left unturned to make his late engagement a success. The extreme compliment paid Mr. Grover by his many friends will be reciprocated by his appearance in three characters, that of Abram Mendez in 'Jack Sheppard,' Patrick McGuire in 'Don Paddy de Bazan,' and Pat McNoggerty in the screaming farce of 'That Rascal Pat,' the latter pieces both written by Mr. Grover, and produced on this occasion for the first time in Rochester. Mr. A. W. Purcell, a citizen of Rochester, has kindly volunteered, and will recite the beautiful poem, of the 'Charge of the light Brigade.'

AN ORCHESTRA LEADER advertises for an engagement in another column.

MISS CAROLINE CARSON, comedienne, now performing at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, advertises in this week's CLIPPER for an engagement.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN, supported by a dramatic company, has been playing in Bridgeport, Conn., the past week.

MARY GLADSTANE appeared at the Academy of Music, Omaha, on the 13th inst., in "Leah."

ADA GRAY is to have a benefit at the Continental Theatre, Boston, on the 23d inst.

THE "WHITE FAWN," with all the scenery used in this city in the "Black Crook," is to be produced shortly at the Boston Theatre. Annie Kemp will be in the cast.

"HILDA" is said to be attracting large and appreciative audiences to the Boston Museum. It is pronounced one of the most effective dramas of the day.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, who has been attracting crowded houses to the Howard Athenæum, Boston, continues her engagement for the present week.

THE OLD COMEDIES have proved the most attractive yet offered by Mr. Selwyn at his Boston Theatre. "The Rivals" and "Wild Oats" attracted good business the past week. "Dora" was announced to be produced on the 20th inst. Fitzgerald's new play of "Light at Last," is in active preparation.

THE "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" continues on the bills at the Continental Theatre, Boston.

RACHEL DENVIL and Ada Marian closed an engagement of four weeks at the Opera House, Canton, Ohio, on the 18th, and go to fulfill an engagement with Dugan's troupe at Massillon, Ohio where they open on the 20th inst.

"THE COINERS" is the title of a four act sensational comedy

by J. Holmes Grover, which was favorably produced at the Rochester Opera House lately, and which can be purchased by managers who may wish to produce it. For particulars see advertisement elsewhere.

"THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY" is announced for production this week at the Boston Theatre. Besides the regular company Robert Johnson, Neihe Germon, Frank Gibbons and A. C. Howard, skater, have been engaged to appear in this piece.

Circuses.

LUANDES' CIRCUS opened in Nassau, N. P., on Dec. 26th, and after a brief season was to go to Florida.

DAN CASTELLO'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE was in Memphis on the 9th, 10th and 11th, but the weather was against the show. His principal rider is Charley Fish, who had a fall from his horse on the 11th, which hurt him considerably, but did not interrupt his act. One of the great features of the ring is a child but seven years old—Little Minnie, who if she lives, will make, it is thought, one of the brightest ornaments in the annals of the arena. She rides with exquisite grace and *aplomb*. Her *poses* are beautiful; and she is as light and agile as a fairy. The business would have been great, poor as our city is, but for intolerably cold weather. As a show, take it as a whole, it is well worth seeing, but freezing and fleshings are not congenial. Frank Uffner accompanies the circus with a side show. The concern left there on the 12th, striking Huntsville first, thence through Georgia, South and North Carolina, so as to be in Washington early in the spring.

THE BODY of Alice Lake was found eighteen miles from the place where she was drowned; the particulars appeared in last week's CLIPPER.

JOHN L. DAVENPORT, clown and comic singer, may be engaged for the forthcoming tenting season by addressing him as instructed in advertisement elsewhere.

COOKE'S CIRCUS, Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, received fair patronage during its opening week, and gave an excellent performance. The wonderful riding of Madame De Berg created a *furore*, and Mr. Cooke's "Pickwick Act" was exceedingly appropriate when the great novelist was reading at a neighboring hall. Our correspondent writes—"Sam Burt—*le jeune*—is a splendid bare-back rider, and his act, thus far, has never failed to draw an *encore*. He has grace, dash, beauty and ambition—all the requisites for success. He puts in his finish in a style that makes his gaping gazers stare. Sam Long is as funny as ever and sings a good song. Chas. Adams, the new English clown, draws wonderful music from a penny whistle. George Batchelor does the leaps and double summersaults. Charles Parker, the clown, who sought to save the sinking fortunes of the last manager, has been re engaged under the new directorship. 'The great John Henry' appears on Thursday evening, 23d."

THE TOURAINE BROTHERS, acrobats and gymnasts, are in the field for engagements, as they specify in an advertisement in the CLIPPER.

BUTLER'S ORCHESTRA AND BRASS BAND, may be engaged for the forthcoming circus season, by addressing, as instructed, in advertisement in the CLIPPER.

ALEXANDER LUANDE, with his three sons and daughter, all experts in the equestrian and gymnastic line, advertises for an engagement in another column.

A FISH that cannot swim, but is said to be some as an equestrian, advertises for an engagement with a responsible circus manager, for the season of 1868.

CIRCUS CANVAS of all sorts, sizes and shapes, may be procured of Henry Sparks, as per advertisement.

THOSE EXPERT EQUESTRIANS, John Henry and Emilie Henrietta, who have been pleasing the public at the New York Circus, have migrated to Philadelphia, and will make their first appearance there on the 23d inst., at Cooke's Circus.

LAKE'S CIRCUS was at Houston, Texas, on the 7th inst. A correspondent writing from there says:—"John Louton left the company at Brenham, Texas, on Dec. 31......John King got in trouble with the Freedman's Bureau for striking a nigger...... Al. Aymar, clown, and the Milson Brothers, Charley and Billy, join us at Brenham. Were at Belleville, Texas, at the Planter's House, on the 4th inst. It appears that the landlord, Mr. Bell, had prepared some sauce as mince meat, on Jan. 1st, for his family, which they boiled in some vinegar in a brass stew kettle, and instead of the family using it, they saved it for the circus boys, who showed there on the 3d and 4th. This sauce, or mince meat, as they called it, was taken out of the brass kettle where it was kept in vinegar for four days, and then placed on the table. As it is something that the boys do not often see in this country, every man eat heartily of it. The company started at 6 o'clock, for Salphilps, 15 miles, and before we had got half way, nearly all the company complained of being sick. Johnny Murphy was the first one who complained, and before we got to Salphilps, the following people were taken with vomiting and purging:—Dr. Joe Stewart, Treasurer; Al. Aymar, clown; Chas. Millspraugh, snare drummer; John Kelly, John French, and several others of the company. On our arrival at Salphilps we procured a doctor, who examined us, and said that our stomachs were full of verdigris from the brass kettle. The doctor gave us some medicine, and in three hours we were all out of danger, although Messrs. Stewart and Murphy were given up as gone......Haight and Chambers' Circus are advertised to show here (Houston) on the 7th and 8th. Our company (Lake's Circus) show in Galveston, Texas, four days, commencing on Jan. 8th."

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, on the 6th inst., moved big tent, wild beasts, trained mules, elephant, etc., to the lot corner Bourbon and Orleans streets, New Orleans, where they performed during the week ending Jan. 11th.

Negro Minstrelsy.

O'NEILL & GOODMAN'S MINSTRELS showed in Burlington, Iowa, on January 8th. 9th, 10th and 11th. Walter Wentworth, with his acts of contortion, as well as on the rings; Miss Maud Stanley, vocalist; O'Neill and Goodman, Gorton, Canning and Billy Converse were the principal features of the performance.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS are and have been on a raid through the northern part of this State, and their pluck is kept up to concert pitch by the patronage bestowed upon them. They visited the city of salt on the 7th, and remained till the 9th inst., and made the acquaintance of Lot's wife's relations, for lots of salt, or sugar, as the equiv is sometimes named, fell to their lot. Thence they went to Oswego, a very good way to go; Auburn, 10th and 11th; Rochester, 13th and 14th; Buffalo, 15th and 16th; Erie, 17th, and Cleveland, 19th, calculating to remain there till the 21st.

A WENCH DANCER, clog dancer and end man are wanted to travel with a circus by Jerry Hopper. See advertisement.

BEN. BROWN advertises for an engagement in another column.

THE SEVENTH STREET OPERA HOUSE, Philadelphia, is growing in favor, a correspondent tells us. He says:—"It is hard to excel Frank Moran and Johnny Mack in the funny line. The latter was to have brought out his burlesque, 'The Black Book,' on Monday evening, January 20th. It has been extensively advertised, and ought to meet with success. John Sivori, the violinist, is connected with this troupe, as is also Ainsley Scott and W. S. Budworth.

HAMALL'S MINSTRELS gave a second series of performances in Montreal, Canada, on the 13th, 14th and 15th inst. A correspondent says:—"The hall was crowded to excess each evening by our audiences, most enthusiastic in their plaudits of the various parts of the programme. No company ever organized in Montreal has achieved such a success, as Montrealers are rather chary in encouraging home talent."

LA RUE, of panorama fame, but at present managing a minstrel show, having failed to meet his expenses with a minstrel entertainment, has resorted to the gift business in connection with the "nig" show. He closed in Newark, N. J., on the 18th inst.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS appeared in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 15th and 16th inst., to fine houses. Messrs. L. E. Hicks and W. Richards, says our correspondent, "sang very finely and received hearty *encores* which were deservedly bestowed, while the mirth provoking songs and gags of those two comedians, Lew Benedict and Billy West, were well received. Frank Kent's fancy dancing is about the best I have seen executed by a male artist. Those terpsichorean artists, Frank Pankhurst and Lew Collins, are good in the clog business."

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS put in three nights at Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., the past week, and are said to have done a good business considering the very severe weather and counter attractions at the skating rink; with Arlington and Cool Burgess on the ends, J. H. Haverly at the helm and D. B. Hodges to pilot them through the country, they are meeting with success wherever they appear.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS in Brooklyn produce this week the burlesque of "Faust," as written by Leon, of Kelly and Leon's Minstrels. The manager announces that it will be given with an enlarged company, new scenery and wardrobe, a double vocal quartet, a full brass band, and magic transformations. Archy Hughes plays Valentine, J. K. Campbell Faust, Dave Reed Brandy Nose, Cool White Me-fist-oh-feel his, Fred. Abbot Marquerite and J. W. Glenn Martha.

DICK BERTHELON, the Ethiopian comedian, etc., may be engaged through Messrs. Wild and Eagan, as per advertisement.

Music Halls.

AT THE ARCADE CONCERT SALOON, Newark, N. J., Miss Annie Everett, a new comer, does a clog dance and a banjo solo every evening; Miss De Vere, Billy De Vere, Johnny Reilley, Clintock and Heister appear in the Olio

ROBOTHAM'S CONCERT SALOON, Newark, N. J., under the direction of George Robotham, it is thought will become an established place of amusement. Among the company are George Robotham and Harry Richmond, comic vocalists; Billy Jarvis, Jersey Boys and Charlie Rugner, comedians.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Mobile, Ala., the entertainments offered consist of songs, dances and burlesques. J. W. Sullivan, the Dutch comedian, put in an appearance on the 11th, and was *encored* four times in every song during the evening. Ned. Straight goes to the Academy of Music, New Orleans, on the 16th. The company consists of Chas. Rivers, Ned. Gooding, J. H. Cummings, J. W. Sullivan, Master Bill, the dwarf, Lizzie Ellsworth, M'lle Louisette, M'lle Edith and Minnie Grey.

THE COMPANY engaged at the Olympic, Leavenworth, Kansas, is as follows:—Ben Brown, Frank Pell, Gus Shaw, M'lle Barrown, C. Straight, W. Pash, M'lle Jerome, Master Tommy and Miss Miranda.

CADWELL'S MUSIC HALL, Milwaukee, Wis., was opened on the 13th inst. by N. F. Cadwell & Co., with J. H. Rogers as stage manager, and the following company:—J. C. Wallace, C. L. Banks, James Haley, E. F. Smith, Gus Lee, J. H. Rogers, H. R. Campbell, Maggie Willett, Amelia Leslie and Millie Murray.

ALL RIGHT is the word at Wright's Varieties, Richmond, Va., where Johnny Harris, the stage manager, doeth the Jay-panned-knees goodly, much. Tillie Forbes and Millie Coleman are there also, and others are wanted. *Vide* advertisement.

AT MILLWARD'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., the company consists of Billy Diamond, Billy Chambers, J. L. Keene, John Cotton, Kate Clare, Emma Marsh and Millie Henrietta, together with John Davis and his trained dog.

DAN SHELBY is to make his first appearance at Canterbury Music Hall, Omaha, on the 23rd inst.

THE OLYMPIC, New Orleans, is reported to be in favor with the lovers of amusement in that city. On Jan. 6th, there was a trial jig dance for two hundred dollars a side; also a one-hundred dollar match between Hank Mason and Johnny Keegan, and a clog dance match between Johnny Keegan and Mike Berry. The Crib scene from "Tom and Jerry" was given in which Messrs. Pat Kendrick and Con Rierdon, two clever boxers, officiated. The following artists kindly volunteered:—Miss Dora Escott, Messrs. Ben Wheeler, Mike O'Brian Jim Johnson, Masters Banker, Berry and Marsh, in conjunction with the regular Olympic company. On the 13th Messrs. Bowman and Harris, comedians and dancers, were to have taken a benefit; for which occasion a bill of great attraction had been prepared.

LAURENCE'S GERMANIA, Harrisburg, Pa., closed on the 18th. The manager, Joseph Laurence, is about engaging in the lumber and shipping business in the western part of the State.

CADWELL'S VARIETY COMPANY gave their initial performance in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 13th inst. Business has been only so so since the first night.

FITZSIMMONS, the sensationalist, continues at the Baltimore Opera House.

FOR BURTON & SANFORD'S OPERA COMIQUE, Ann Arbor, Mich., several cantatrices, *danseuses* and other star attractions are wanted. For whom and who to address read advertisement in the CLIPPER.

MISS AGNES SUTHERLAND, "Scottish Nightingale," is singing this week at Fox's American, Philadelphia

Miscellaneous.

SOMETHING ABOUT LICENSES.—It is a well known fact among showmen that they are greatly imposed upon by selectmen and other city officials who happen to have the power of granting licenses, and take occasion not only to demand for such privilege from three to five dollars, but enough complimentary tickets to admit the families of each and every one of those officials, frequently amounting to from twenty-five to thirty tickets. Occasionally an agent refuses to accede to such imposition and gives the town the go-by, thus depriving the citizens of an evening's amusement. Managers are all willing to pay just what is asked for a license in money, but they do not like to be beat out of dead-head tickets by wholesale. The following letter from M. L. Townsend, agent for Charley Shay's Quincuplexal Troupe, goes to show how managers of traveling shows are imposed upon:—"For several years past, Battle Creek, Mich., has been visited by Charley Shay's troupe, and is considered by the citizens as one of the best shows that has appeared there. Last season the city fathers saw fit to charge the above party twenty-four tickets and a certain sum of money for license. I expostulated at the time, and endeavored to bring the license down to a money consideration alone, but to no purpose. The honorable(?) body was bound to visit the show at the expense of the manager and the city. This somewhat riled the spirit of Charley, and after the performance he took occasion to allude to the matter from the stage. A few weeks since a notice appeared in the village paper to the effect that the Quincuplexal would hold forth at Stuart Hall upon a given night. This notice fell under the observation of ye City Fathers, and a meeting of that body was immediately held, and in solemn conclave they continued their deliberations far into the night. As a result of the weighty deliberations then and there held, I was informed, upon applying for license a few days since, that in consequence of certain indignities offered to the august personages of the City Fathers a year previous, they had, after mature deliberation, come to the conclusion that it would be necessary for Mr. Shay to replenish the Battle Creek City treasury to the amount of twenty-five dollars for the privilege of performing one night. The citizens were very indignant at this action on the part of the powers that be, and even offered to pay the license if the party would show—but we 'jumped' the town, and the probability is that the citizens will not have an opportunity of witnessing the performance of the Quincuplexal again in Battle Creek. I am informed by the agents of different parties that Battle Creek is not alone in the matter of ticket extortion, Ann Arbor charging a money license and thirty tickets; Dowagiac, money and twenty-four tickets, etc. It would seem that some of our western towns are bound to deprive their citizens of all kinds of amusement, and it is hoped that some means may be devised to prevent the City Fathers from becoming a lot of confirmed 'Dead Beats.'"

BY A RESOLUTION passed in the Legislature of Missouri last week, the Alleghanians were granted the use of the House of Representatives for concertizing Tuesday evening, January 14th. We presume that Col. Waldron, their advance agent, knows how to "work things," particularly in that line.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, VOCALISTS AND SWISS BELL PLAYERS appeared at the Academy of Music, Omaha, Nebraska, one night week before last, to over one thousand dollars, the largest audience ever congregated in that city. The Omaha *Daily Herald* says:—"Never before were this people permitted to hear such a medley of charming melodies, exquisite harmonies, and rich humor, as were afforded by the Alleghanians last evening. They charmed a thousand people last night into raptures of delight."

PROFESSOR COLE, with his brass band and orchestra of ten pieces, is in the market for an engagement with some circus manager. "Old Prof. Cole is a merry old soul," etc. See adver.

"THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR" is distributing "Injun Meal" (his own comic lecture) among the principal towns of Illinois and Iowa. He visits Michigan in February.

THE OLYMPIC VARIETIES of Leavenworth, Kansas, is a prospering institution, we learn, and as evidence it will be seen that the proprietors, Messrs. Smith and Preston, advertise in the CLIPPER for additional talent. That's a good sign.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE performed at Marshall, Mich., on the 8th; Kalamazoo, 9th and 10th; Dowagiac, 11th, and Niles, 13th inst. The troupe performs at Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 20th and 21st inst. Several good performers have been added to this company. See advertisement.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS is announced to give four readings at Carroll Hall, Washington D. C., commencing on the 3d proximo, the price of tickets to be $3. The Hall will seat eleven hundred people comfortably.

THE VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS of Miss Jenny Busk, noticed in our last, were given at Metzerot Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 14th and 16th insts., and attracted large and brilliant assemblages. Miss Busk is said to possess a soprano voice of great melody and compass, and her notes, particularly the higher ones, are distinct and clear. The daily press go into ecstacies over her, and seem to vie with each other in noticing her performances.

FATHER BALDWIN'S OLD FOLKS CONCERT COMPANY announce a season of six nights at Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington, D. C., commencing on the 20th inst. Master Armstrong, the wonderful boy soprano; Miss Hattie Green, vocalist; Miss Minnie Smith, contralto; and Mr. Benjamin, baritone, are in the company.

PROF. BOGAN, of No. 315 Bowery, N. Y., teaches banjo playing and jig dancing. Read his card among the theatrical advertisements.

MARSHALL & DOYLE'S "JAPS" opened in Norfolk, Va., at the Opera House, on the 13th, to an excellent house, but business fell off afterwards owing to the high prices of admission, viz: $1.25 and $1; too high, says a correspondent, for Norfolk theatre goers.

A TROUPE OF TUMBLERS, styling themselves "The California Acrobatic Troupe," of which the Lavender Brothers, Mr. and Mrs. G. De Young (professionally known as Rosa Celeste, tight ropist from California), and W. T. Mack are members, were taking a rest at a hotel in Utica, N. Y., last week, as the landlord was taking care of their baggage for them for a little while.

THE SHOWMAN'S GUIDE, which has been for months in preparation, is fast approaching completion, and will, we are informed, positively be ready for sale by the 31st instant. It was intended to have it ready by the 15th inst., but the Philadelphia *Ledger* Job Office, at which place it is being published, has been removed during the past week to their new building, which has in consequence caused the delay in the *Guide* not being ready as promised. January 31st is now fixed as the day for delivering it.

AN AGENT advertises for a "posish" in another column.

PROF. AND MAD. MACALLISTER commenced a seven nights' stay in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 18th inst.

TOM THUMB and party performed in Akron, Ohio, on the 11th inst., and went thence to Wooster.

SEAVEY & CO., scenic artists, are advertised in another column. They have furnished the Williamsburgh Opera House with several new scenes for "The Water Sprite."

A CLARIONET PLAYER is advertised for in another column by Messrs. Stetson and Sexton.

THE BUNYAN TABLEAUX is engaging the attention of the people of Wilmington, Del.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXALS open at Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., on the 20th inst.

"OLE BULL" is billed in Milwaukee, Wis., for the 21st and 22d.

JOE GOUGH has purchased Mason's panorama of "Sherman's March to the Sea," also his stereopticon and dissolving views and intends making a tour through Indiana. Sol Yewell is engaged as lecturer and Jake Duskey as agent. They are billed at South Bend, Ind., Jan. 21st; Kokomo, 22d; and Logansport, 23d.

BLIND TOM, the negro boy pianist, has been giving exhibitions of his skill the past week at the Opera House, Buffalo.

ALF. BURNETT, the facile humorist, will shortly appear in Balt more.

FATHER BALDWIN'S "Old Folks" are in Washington this week.

MARTINI CHIRISKI'S VARIETY TROUPE appeared at Millville, N. J., on the 17th inst.

A GOOD COMIC SINGER advertises for an engagement over the signature of E. J. Andrews.

W. SCHAEFFER, stage carpenter, advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement.

THE SHADOW PANTOMIME, just adapted to the season as a parlor pastime, may be obtained of Thomas Yates, as per advertisement in another column.

FRED WILLIAMS, comic vocalist, tenor singer, and advertises in this week's CLIPPER for an engagement.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHENIAN D. A. of Philadelphia gave a performance on the 16th of "A Kiss in the Dark," which was cast as before, with the exception of Miss Seymour as Mrs. Pettibone; followed by "Good for Nothing"—Miss Sheldon as Nan, other characters by J. Thomas, G. L. Barclay, J. Quigley, R. St. Leger and J. Taylor. "My Fellow Clerk" was the afterpiece. Mr. Hayhurst as Tactic was excellent. The benefit of the association is announced to come off on the 30th.

THE SHAKSPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia performed, on Wednesday, January 15, for the benefit of Miss De Vere, the drama of "Lucretia Borgia" and the farce of "The Rough Diamond," A correspondent says:—"It is hardly necessary to comment upon the acting of the different members, as they all acquitted themselves admirably. We noticed two characters short of the required number in the drama. Miss De Vere as Lucretia Borgia attained special credit for her splendid performance, and justly earned the call before the curtain. The manager ought to see that the performance commences at the time fixed, and not compel the audience to wait half an hour."

CARD.—ED. CLIPPER.—Your issue of the 11th inst., contains a *critique* on the performance of an amateur dramatic association in this place which all who are acquainted with the circumstances know is more the offspring of malice than justice; and which, therefore, we think deserves a counter criticism. In the first place, it should be remembered that it *was* an amateur association, and not a combination of stars, the one in question being but its second attempt in the dramatic way. Considering this, no impartial critic could find any fault, as, in fact, there was no opportunity except in the fact that, contrary to your correspondent's statement, not half enough time was given to rehearsal. Instead of six months, not six weeks were given. Some imperfections in committing of parts, and a slight accident in the way of the non-explosion of a pistol in a death scene—likely to occur on any stage—were the only drawbacks in the completely successful rendition of the "Rose of Ettrick Vale" by the "Greenville Dramatic Association." Hoping that, in justice to the association, as well as to the community which sustains it, you will publish the above, we are yours, JUSTICE.

Greenville. Pa., Jan. 13.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

HISSING A PIECE NO OFFENCE.—Quite a disturbance took place on the evening of January 1st at the theatre of the Porte-St.-Martin, Paris, on the occasion of the first representation of the review entitled "1867, ou si tu n'es pas content, demandes autre chose." Mlle. Silly was on the stage imitating the intonations and gestures of Mlle. Schneider in the "Grand Duchesse." As the imitation was well hit off, the audience were evidently amused, and loud applause arose from every side. Several persons were crying out loudly for an *encore*, when suddenly a *coup de sifflet* was heard from the first row of the gallery. The applause was then redoubled, but the same whistling sound from the pipe of a key was repeated. The claque then shouted out against the perpetrator of the obnoxious noise, and the next moment the whole house had risen and were regarding the man in the gallery. A police agent was then seen to approach the spectator in question (who was respectably dressed in black), and apparently to ask him to quit the place, the other shaking his head in refusal. Cries of "*Sortira! Sortira pas!*" were heard in all directions, when at last the police agent withdrew. All this had lasted seven or eight minutes, and the performance was just recommencing when two gendarmes and two sergeants de ville appeared and proceeded to drag the offending whistler from his place. He resisted manfully, held firmly to the wood work in front, and, although his cravat was torn off, still kept his place. At last, amid indignant cries of protest from the whole house, the agents carried the man bodily off, but still making the most violent opposition. The exclamations and noise then became quite furious, and shouts of "*Rendez-le! Qu'il revienne!*" continued to be heard for several minutes. The stage manager came forward, but the audience refused to hear him. The curtain was let fall, but the spectators continued their cries for the liberation of the man, declaring that he had a right to hiss or whistle as he pleased, since he had paid his money to applaud or the contrary, as he thought fit. The ladies in the boxes had by this time been seized with the general emotion, and stood up in the boxes waving their handkerchiefs. At last, when the audience were in the greatest exasperation, and apparently on the point of tearing up the benches, an exclamation was heard of "*Le Voila! Le Voila!*" and the next moment the man appeared in his former place and was received with the loudest applause, a triple salvo of bravos greeting his entrance. The performance was then resumed, and went on quietly to the end. The hero of the evening is named Langlois, his position in life being that of clerk in a commercial house.

MENKEN'S book of poems has appeared, and is dedicated to "My friend, Charles Dickens." The Menken expects to sail from England during the present month for this city, and after a brief rest will sail for California, as she is under engagement to Maguire to perform one hundred nights in San Francisco. She does not intend playing in this city.

MISS SARAH BOOTH, an actress, who at one time gained great popularity, died in London, Eng., Dec. 30th, in her seventy-fifth year. Her last appearance on the stage was in 1841, at the Marylebone Theatre, London.

MARIE EFFIE WILTON, directress of the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, Eng., was married on Dec. 28th, to Squire Sydney Bancroft, comedian, of the same theatre.

J. H. CLINDS, leading man at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, Eng., was married to Sally Booth, of the same theatre, on Dec. 24th.

JOHN S. CLARK, the American comedian, having closed a three months engagement at the St. James' Theatre, London, Eng., has been engaged by Sefton Parry, of the Holborn Theatre, London, where he was to appear last week in the "Flying Scud." T. W. Robertson is said to be writing a three act domestic drama for Mr. Clark.

EMMA STANLEY, who was in this country several years ago, has taken her final leave of the stage at Liverpool, Eng.

DELMON GRACE, who has been in England for some time, was to have sailed for this city on the 8th inst. He has been so crippled with rheumatism as to be unable to perform for some time.

ACCIDENT AT A THEATRE.—During the performance of the pantomime of "Whittington and his Cat," at the Royal Theatre, Middlesborough, Eng., on the 1st inst., quite an accident occurred. The opening "went" as smoothly as ever until nearly the finish, when the lime light was being prepared for the transformation scene. While the audience was being entertained with a dance, the bags connected with the lime lights suddenly exploded. So loud was the report that many people were under the impression that a cannon had been discharged in the pit. The actors and actresses ran off the stage, and the people in the boxes, pit and gallery hurried out of the building. In a few moments the stage manager, who was dressing for his part of clown, appeared at the footlights, and endeavored to pacify the terror stricken audience. He stated that the chemical preparation for the lime light had accidentally exploded, but no serious damage had been done. He added that in future, instead of using the lime light, they would use the magnesian wire, and thereby prevent a recurrence of such an untimely accident as they had just witnessed. The performances were then proceeded with, and no further interruption occurred. In the meantime, however, great consternation prevailed outside the house, and parents and relatives, hearing of the occurrence, rushed to the theatre to look after their children and friends. The scene on the gallery stairs was alarming, little children being carried and pushed down by boys and girls; but not one was hurt. On the stage, however, it was otherwise. The property man, who was arranging the lime light when the explosion occurred, had his clothes blown to rags, and was burnt about the face and head; while one of the violinists in the orchestra sustained injuries to his face, and saw his fiddle broken to pieces by the concussion. A report was immediately spread through the town that the theatre was on fire, and a great crowd immediately assembled in Albert street, but the truth was soon made known, and the alarm speedily subsided.

MAGUIRE AND REILEY'S "JAPS" were performing in Birmingham, Eng., the last week in December.

"A WIFE WELL WON," Falconer's new play, an adaptation from Paul de Kock's novel, "L'Homme a Trois Culottes," was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng., on Dec. 30, and was a success. E. A. Sothern, Mr. Buckstone, and Miss Robertson were called before the curtain at the close of each act and at the termination of the piece.

"NO THOROUGHFARE," by Dickens and Wilkie Collins, was produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London, Eng., on Dec. 30. The dramatization is well spoken of by the press of that city, and is said to be a success.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.......................WM. WHEATLEY

Doors open at 7; begins at 7½.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF THE NEW FAIRY SPECTACULAR PANTOMIME EXTRAVAGANZA, THE WHITE FAWN, in which will appear Jarrett & Palmer's celebrated PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE.

The piece produced with everything new, and after a preparation of many months, at a cost of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The company will consist of Messrs. Mark Smith, Vining Bowers, F. B. Holmes, Misses Fanny Stockton, Mena Montagu, Mary Wells, Lucy Egerton, Lizzie Wilmore, &c.

THE GRAND BALLET, BY MLLES. BONFANTI, BILLON, A. SOHLKE, FONTANI. MAITRE DE BALLET.....................M. COSTA

UNAPPROACHABLE TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT ONE.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. Begins at 8.

JAMES E. HAYES.......................Lessee
GEORGE L FOX.......................Stage Manager
CLIFTON W. TAYLEURE.......................Business Manager

LAST NIGHTS of Shakespeare's A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The most important spectacular production ever given to the American stage in the interest of art, and destined to become memorable for its matchless splendors and æsthetic beauty.

G. L. FOX.............as.............Bottom, the greatest comic hit achieved in New York in years.

MISS ROSA COOKE.............as.............Oberon with several exquisite Shakespearean ballads.

Scenery, costumes, armors, the panorama and accessories from Paris and London.

Sixteenth Matinee, 1½ Saturday afternoon.

MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL, First appearance here Monday, Feb. 3, since her return from Europe.

WORRELL SISTERS' NEW YORK THEATRE,

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22, 1868, will be produced an original dramatization, in four acts, of that very famous, humorous work,

THE PICKWICK PAPERS, BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.,

with new scenery, new music, new properties and new mechanical effects, and the following very carefully chosen cast:—

Mr. J. K. MORTIMER........as..........Mr. Alfred Jingle
Mr. C. T. PARSLOE, Jr.........as..........Sam Weller
Mr. WM. CARLTON.........as..........Nathaniel Winkle
Mr. C. PETERS.........as..........Tracy Tupman
Mr. H. RYNER.........as..........Mr. Pickwick
Mr. GEO. H CLARKE.........as..........Mr. Bob Sawyer
Mr. T. E. DONNELLY.........as..........Mr. Ben Allen
Mr. E. VARREY.........as..........Tony Weller
Miss JENNIE WORRELL.........as..........Mary
Miss CELIA LOGAN.........as..........Arabella Allen
Mrs. EDWARD WRIGHT.........as..........Mrs. Bardell

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS, 720 Broadway.

Unequalled in their brilliant success.

ENGAGEMENT OF JAMES H. BUDWORTH.

Jas. H. Budworth. Jas. H. Budworth. Jas. H. Budworth.	Geo. Christy. Geo. Christy. Geo. Christy.	Nelse Seymour. Nelse Seymour. Nelse Seymour.
New Bill. S. S. Purdy. S. S. Purdy.		Sam Price. Sam Price. New Bill.
BUDWORTH'S IMITATIONS.	Double Double Star Star Company. Company.	CHRISTY'S ENGAGEMENTS.
New Bill. Geo. Percival. Geo. Percival.		G. W. H. Griffin. G. W. H. Griffin. New Bill.
The Victims. The Victims. The Victims.	Theatrical Agency. Theatrical Agency. Theatrical Agency.	The Student. The Student. The Student.

HOGAN AND HUGHES MUSICAL TWINS.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, 2½ O'CLOCK.

BOX OFFICE OPEN DAILY FROM 10 TO 4.

472 BUTLER'S AMERICAN THEATRE.

Broadway, between Grand and Broome streets.

INCREASED ATTRACTION.

AN UNCEASING BILL OF NOVELTIES.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

First night of the Great Prestidigitator, MONS. JEAN BENJAMIN, whose wonderful feats in Necromancy are the marvel of the age.

NOTHING OF THE KIND EVER WITNESSED BEFORE.

ALL THE GREAT TROUPE WILL APPEAR.

Doors Open at 6. Curtain Rises at 7¾.

MATINEE ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

BUONO CORE, "SALAMANDER."
42-1t* Call on BURNELL RUNNELLS, immediately.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE SHOWMAN'S GUIDE, BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN

NOTICE.—In consequence of the removal of the PHILADELPHIA LEDGER JOB OFFICE, at which place the GUIDE is being published, its publication is postponed until Jan. 31st, when it will be ready for delivery. All those parties who have ordered the GUIDE to be forwarded to certain points will make a note of this. 42

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AMUSEMENTS.

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INFORMATION WANTED of the whereabouts of FRANK W PHILLIPS. He was in Montreal, Canada East, October 19th, 1867, traveling, it is thought, with a Circus Company, since which time he has not been heard from. Any information that can be given of him will be gratefully received by his anxious parents. Address H. S. PHILLIPS, 41-5t* Pittston, Luzerne County, Pa.

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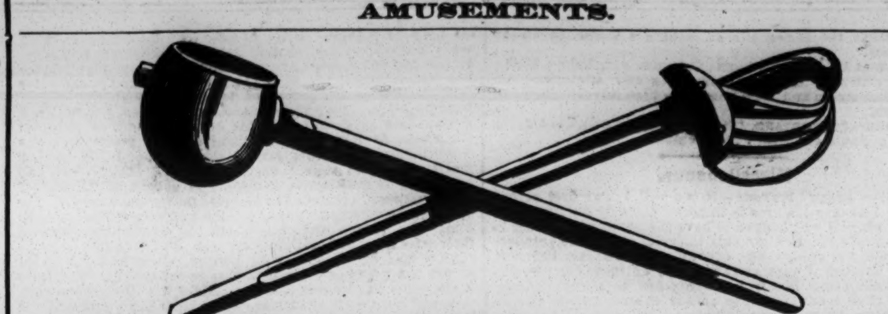
AMUSEMENTS.



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An elapse of 15 years is supposed to have passed between the first and second acts.
This play was produced, for the first time in America, at the ROCHESTER OPERA HOUSE, Wednesday Evening, January 8th, 1868, and met with such decided success that it was repeated to a most appreciative audience. The following critique is from the Rochester Daily News and Advertiser, known to be one of the most JUST of the Western New York Press:—
"ROCHESTER OPERA HOUSE—J. HOLMES GROVER.—On Thursday evening was produced for the second time in this city, the new and original comedy-drama, written and dramatised by Mr. J. Holmes Grover, entitled 'The Coiners; or, the Bould Boy of Kilkenny,' Mr. Grover sustaining the very comical role of Teddy Nolan, the Bould Boy of Kilkenny. The drama is one of unusual interest, introducing not only a very exciting gambling scene, but the most descriptive picture of a counterfeiter's cave we ever saw. The piece is short, admitting of a farce upon the evening's programme, and the entire plot one of decided interest and well worthy the pen of any dramatic author. The piece has made a decided hit, and the smooth manner with which Mr. Grover introduces his droll sayings, songs and jigs of the bould boy, is very pleasing and highly interesting to the audience."
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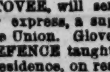

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